



Volume 4.

No. 4.

Devoted to Art, Literature, Science and the Home Circle.

M. N. 40.

Price 6c.

Published and Copyrighted

February, 1892

By Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ON THE FRONTIER.

By a Western Girl.

My parents, like many others, were very desirous of bettering their fortune and in the spring of '75 left the comfortable Eastern home and came to the far famed West.

We traveled a week and finally reached our destination—a muddy little town consisting of a few mean structures called "shacks." This was the town to which people traveled to do their trading—this the place to which the Indians came for their supplies, sent by the government.

We were not sorry when the time came for us to go to our "claim," some fifteen miles from this so-called "city." After a drive of several hours, through mud and water we reached our new home, a tiny sod house built on the summit of a very high hill, from which we could see for miles and miles, nothing, however, met our gaze but land and water, no trees, houses or any sign of habitation.

For days we saw not one human being, and contented ourselves by wandering over the smooth prairie, picking flowers and pretty pebbles, but one evening as we were coming home from our rambles, we heard a strange noise and looking in the direction from whence it came, saw a number of objects moving toward us, which on nearer approach, proved to be Indians, in their funny carts drawn by small, lazy Indian ponies.



These were the first Indians we had ever seen and we thought of all the blood curdling stories we had ever read or heard of, and wondered if they would scalp us. Our alarm was increased when we saw them preparing to camp at the foot of the hill, not far from our house. After everything was prepared for the night, two of the Indians came to our well to water the ponies and we found that they were not such savages as we had imagined, and before they went away we felt quite well acquainted with them, they did not speak our language, nor we theirs, but we used the "language of signs." This was our first acquaintance with the "Red Skins," but not the last, every few days members of them would pass near our house and some of them, through curiosity, would come to the door and ask for food or water, and would stay a few minutes gazing at everything in sight. I was then a child of eleven years, and not at all afraid of these strange people, they would pat my cheeks or run their fingers through my pretty brown curls, and I grew to be very fond of them. One day the Chippewa Chief, escorted by five sturdy braves, called on us. I was not in the house when they came, and as I entered the door, the Chief glided towards me, lifted me carefully in his arms, stroked my curls and called me "Weenie Squaw" (little squaw). He was so gentle that I did not fear him in the least, but would sit on his knee and look at his long sharp knives and play with the beads strung on his long black hair. He came frequently during the next two years and always brought some trinket for "Weenie Squaw."



In '77 I was sent to a town, thirty miles from home, to school and for months and months pined for the old, free, careless, happy life and my old Indian friends. I now resolved that I would prepare myself for a teacher and as soon as I could would go and live among the natives and teach them. With this resolution in mind, I studied very diligently, and at last was told that in six months more I would complete my studies. Happy was I to know this! At last I could be free to do as I wished, could carry out my resolutions.

My opportunity came sooner than I expected. As I was walking home from school one evening, some one touched my arm and looking around I beheld my old friend, Chippewa Chief, who danced for joy at again seeing me, but the dancing suddenly stopped and Wawa (Chippewa's pet name) looking at me sorrowfully exclaimed, "No Weenie Squaw! No Weenie!" and motioned that I had grown so tall. This, I thought, was a good opportunity for telling Wawa that I wanted to teach among his people, so procuring an interpreter I told him, he was delighted and said that after a while they would want a new teacher on their reservation, their school was so large that an assistant would be needed.

A few months afterward I was notified that I had been appointed teacher on the Chippewa Reservation, and that my duties would begin at once. My preparations were soon made and in a few days I was established in my new position with thirty Indians to train. They were very reserved for a time, but after a while they became acquainted and I found them very industrious and intelligent, and they learned to love me dearly. After I had been with them two years they presented me with one of the finest ponies on the reservation and were never happier than when escorting me to places of interest. We spent Saturdays in racing over the prairies, hunting prairie chickens, ducks and geese. But I was not to enjoy this life very long, my mother died and I went home to care for my aged father.

While Chippewa Chief lived he came to see me every year and many were the tokens of love sent me by my children (now no longer children), but he has now gone to the "Happy Hunting Ground," and were it not for my beautiful pony and these beautiful gifts, those five years spent among the American Indians would seem but a happy dream.

A DOCTOR'S PRANK.

"Go with you? Certainly I will; never spook or dead negro was there of which I am afraid." These words were spoken to Dr. Bates, in answer to his inquiry of Simon Bravel if that boasting personage was willing to go with him out on the hill near the river and exhume the bones of an old negro slave who had been buried there many years ago. The doctor said he needed a skeleton in his office and he knew of no other place to get it.

These two young adventurers were boarders at the house of a well-to-do farmer in the southern part of Texas, and often had Bravel made his boast before the young ladies of the vicinity of his utter fearlessness, coolness and bravery, and the doctor rather chagrined at the popularity of Bravel among the fair sex, had asked his help in the matter. It was known among the people around that ghosts were said

to walk around among the shadows out there at night, though in fact none ever went out there to see. It was a very lonely spot; but very few graves and what few there was had been neglected and the weeds and briars held pretty full sway, and it was only by the rude pole pens and sunken earth that a person could tell where a grave was.

The doctor made the challenge more in a spirit of jesting than anything else but as it had been accepted so readily he must cast about for some means of making all he could out of it. He understood the statutes barring grave robbing, and 'twas true he had no special use for a skeleton but he must not back down from his own challenge. The time was set, and one or two friends taken into the enterprise who were given a hint of course, and two or three others were posted by the doctor, who were to play a part as yet not very conspicuous to Bravel.

The young ladies meantime were speculating among themselves as to the braver of the two and not a little interest was excited over the matter. Hero worship was just at hand, and none seemed to know exactly which to "bet on." Some of the doctor's favorites doubted Bravel's chivalry and some of Bravel's admirers questioned the doctor's nerve, but none knew which way the honor would fall and so they would wait and see.

The time came, a beautiful moonlight night, when everything shone as lovely as nature could allow. Their friends joined them down near the old silent graveyard and together they rode on down to the thick wood near by to fasten their horses. Understanding it was to be kept a profound secret for fear of the law against grave robbing.

awhile and he did nothing but jump straight up and down for a minute, while the spooks seemed to mock his every action all the while still closing in on their game.

Finally Bravel saw a chance for escape and "made way for liberty." Over the briars and underbrush he went with a half dozen apparently crazy demons at his heels, yelling "murder" at every jump. The doctor and his friends went into convulsions with laughter as the spooks chased Bravel out of sight down towards the wood where the horses were tied. He managed to gain on them enough to give him time to cut his halter and jump on his horse before they were at arms length, shrieking like a squad of Comanche warriors.

The horse being thoroughly frightened became almost unmanageable and dashed off at breakneck speed through a thicket of bamboo canes, in which his rider came near being dragged off but he held to the saddle with grip born of terror, suffering the thorns to lacerate his face and flesh without a murmur. In a few minutes the horse gained the open wood and was soon standing at the farmer's gate with as bloody a burden as ever he carried, and in a few moments the others of the party come dashing up the avenue apparently terrified.

The farmer had been let into the secret of course and laughing was not in order just then as Bravel was badly hurt.

The joke leaked out though next day at the fishing party and Bravel not being able to stand the derisive taunts cast at him by his former admirers departed those coasts and the doctor is the hero of the heroic among the ladies now.



A Fierce Encounter.

It is with fine if rather unnecessary scorn that men who have hunted the largest and fiercest game, speak of those who find pleasure in the pursuit of the gentle deer of American forests or the even more gentle birds of the plains.

"Pshaw!" said recently a gentleman who had just returned from a hunting and exploring trip in Africa. "They think that sort of thing exciting sport; but they should spend a while in the tremendous African forests. I have been there where no one knew how many Zulus were there behind the enormous tree trunks, or crouched behind the bushes waiting for a chance to attack us. The silence of those forests is profound and is in itself enough to try one's soul. Not a thing is heard in the daytime—not the roar of an animal, not the song of a bird, except once in a long while the fall of a rotten limb. The forests are impassable except for the occasional footpaths, or those made by the animals on their way to water."

"And then the shooting! It is the most excitement there is in the world. I am the only man I ever heard of who has had a hand to hand encounter with a lion and escaped with his life. It was once when I was in the Soudan. We had been hunting and camping along the Niger river and we had come well north, not many miles south of the Desert of Sahara. It was an open country and the natives had horses. One morning four of us, a friend and two natives who acted as guides and servants

mounted horses and set out for a place where we were told we could find lions. We had good horses and we traveled at a tremendous speed. Suddenly as we came near to our destination my horse stumbled, and when he rose I saw that he was lame. Slowly I led him to a small river which ran near where we then proceeded to make our camp. That done the others proceeded on their horses to examine the country and to decide where it would be well to post ourselves for the night's hunt, for none of us expected to see lions in the daytime. I was trying to kill time when I heard my horse whinny. Hastily seizing my rifle I rushed to him; he was trembling with fright. Suddenly from out of the near-by bushes came a well-grown lion. In a minute he sprang upon the back of my horse. I fired, I hit him; but I did not kill him. He at once left my horse and came for me. I was no longer a lion-hunter; I was lion-hunted. Yet I dared not run. He was severely hurt; but he came on slowly, snarling fearfully. I had time to reload my rifle; but as I raised it to my shoulder the lion sprang upon me, and the gun went off in air. Had I not with my first shot severely wounded him he would have crushed me with a blow. As it was I closed with him, and I felt his hot breath upon my face I plunged the long keen blade of my hunting knife again and again into his heart. His spring upon me was almost his last effort, for shortly he fell back and with a horrid groan he died. It was a narrow escape. Even as it was his long claws wounded me badly and I shall carry the marks on my shoulder to my grave."

TAKING A WHALE.

EARLY one morning, while we were cruising off the coast of Peru for sperm-whales, I was dozing on the main-top gallant cross-trees.

Suddenly something seemed to ring through my brain. I awoke to discover that it was the wild voice of Zadik, the captain's harpooner, a tall, swarthy, straight-haired youth, half Kanaka, half English. He was very tender hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the other side of me, shrieking with all the force of his lungs, "There blows—there blows!—there—there blows!"



"THERE BLOWS!"

"Where away?" thundered old captain Boom, glancing aloft.

"On the weather-bow, four miles off, heading to leeward."

This sent an electric thrill through every vein; the old ship lurched as if she felt it too. Up came old Boom, with spy glass slung over his shoulder, noughting two rattles at a time. When on the cross-reef he just gave one point with his telescope, and his voice rang through the ship like the notes of a trumpet:

"Back the mainyard! clear away the boats!"

It would have done you good to see the men jump good to see the men jump good to see the men jump

Boom went speedily down by means of a back-stay. Zadik following him, sprang like a deer into the starboard boat.

"Lower away!" ordered the captain. Buzz-z-z! buzz-z-z sounded the falls; and splash went the four boats almost simultaneously into the water. The merry lads bundled into them, and away they flew, the captain's taking the lead.

"Snap your oars! Make the fire fly! Long and strong's the word! Bend your back every one of ye!" exclaimed the captain.

In a similar manner the other officers encouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.

"None of your venturesome pranks, Thomas; if you get alongside of a whale, said the skipper to his son, a lad of fifteen, who belonged to the first mate's boat, "you'll have need of all your dexterity."

Thomas, the ship's favorite, smiled, and shook his surly head. At the same moment the water broke into a whirlpool a few fathoms astern. There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round, as a very small whale—a calf—rose to the surface.

We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew; for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very weak, and in much pain, moving slowly, and now and then reeling sideways with a sudden plunge.

In a circle, as if bewildered; and the noise of its spouting somewhat reminded me of the wailing of a child.

"Paddle ahead!" was the order; for every man believed that the mother of the calf, the cow-whale, was not far off. The first mate was soon within darting distance.

"Give it to him!" he shrieked, and whizz went the harpooner's iron into the animal's body.

For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless; then it went down, writhing and whirling its great flukes in great agony; after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; and it soon rose about five yards ahead.

"Haul line!" ordered the mate, now in the boat's bow, with lance in hand.

As he spoke, the water on one side of the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous leviathan, the cow-whale, boomed up from the surface, beating the sea with her flukes, and spouting furiously.



A SMALL WHALE ROSE TO THE SURFACE.

Round and round her offspring she swam; but soon passed as if half paralyzed with astonishment and grief at the situation of the sufferer. A moment she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally turning as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim; it made a few feeble plunges towards its parent, and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stopped hauling line, and remained watching the animal until its blood-red spoutings no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

The conduct of its mother was pitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young was really dead. Round it she slowly swam, spouting with a noise something between a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and like one half-crazed, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring. Meanwhile her enemies were rapidly but stealthily advancing. Soon the captain who was foremost was near enough to dart.

"Let her have!" he exclaimed. Zadik raised his harpoon; at the same moment the cow gently rubbed her great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not follow her.

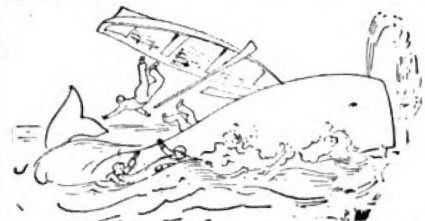
Zadik lowered the point of his weapon; his wild eyes softened.

"That whale is just like a human mother, captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"

"Why, Zadik, what ails ye? Dart! dart! I tell ye!" As he spoke, a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning saw the boat.

Wrathful and wild for revenge, she threw the whole length of her enormous body out of water, then falling back with the din of a cataract, she made straight for the boat, her bristling jaws wide open, and her broad flukes beating the sea.

"Stern! stern!" shouted old Boom; and every man



SHE STRUCK THE FIRST MATE'S BOAT, SHIVERING IT TO ATOMS!

of his crew, except Zadik, turned pale.

The harpooner had changed with the leviathan. The flash of light was now on his cheek; and there was fire in his eye. His dark brow was wrinkled; the ends of his straight black hair bristled like spear-points. He motioned to the captain to keep off a little and, being obeyed, sent both irons whizzing into the side of the monster.

Maddened with pain, fiercer than ever, the whale made a swift dash toward the boat, which she must have grappled, had not the captain by a dexterous movement, whirled the light vessel to one side.

Thus baffled, the monster descended, shaking a savage warning with her flukes as she disappeared. Away went the boat swift as a whirlwind, the line humming around the loggerhead, and the crew cheering lustily in answer to the cheers of those who were pulling after them.

Zadik and the captain changed places, and the "old lion," as we called Boom, soon had his lance ready. "Haul line!" was the order. When within darting distance, the skipper sent his long weapon into the monster's body. Enraged beyond all bounds, she came dashing toward us in a cloud of whirling spray tossed by her enormous flukes.

"Stern! stern!" ordered the captain.

Thicker and faster flew the spray, almost hiding the animal from us, until suddenly we saw its great head, with the bristling jaws, bursting from the white foam-cloud, within six inches of the skipper! had the nerves of Zadik failed him, the old man must have perished the next minute. But the voice of the Kanaka rang like the clang of a hammer, as with ready steering-oar he whirled the boat's broadside toward the monster, and then gave the order to "Stern!"

Snap went the monster's closing jaws, just missing the boat's bow! And whizz-z-z went the old captain's lance again into her body.

As she dashed furiously toward us, our shipmates arrived to take part in the combat. The first mate who had left the calf to be towed by an extra boat's crew from the ship, attacked the monster on one flank, while the captain and his second and third mates battled desperately upon the other. The cheers of the men, the crashing of the whale's flukes, mingled with wild cries, were heard on all sides; while so thick was the spray that no man could see his neighbor distinctly.

Vigorously pressed, with lance after lance piercing her body, the whale soon acknowledged the power of her assailants by sending up into the spray-cloud a light-red fountain of blood. With exultant screams, the lancers, still attacking, buried their weapons in her writhing body, from which the spout rose darker and darker every moment.

Suddenly, with one tremendous whirl of her flukes, she struck the first mate's boat, shivering it to atoms! Then slowly round and round she swam, the dark blood-spout now ascending scarcely six inches. Finally, half lifting her flukes and head in one last spasm of agony, she expired.

The first mate's crew, being good swimmers, had not yet been picked up; for the captain had been too busy to notice which vessel was wrecked. As the poor fellows were helped into his boat, he looked in vain for his son.

The sad story was soon told. Poor little Thomas was fast down under the sea, whither his frame, crushed by the whale's flukes, had been dragged by sharks. The captain groaned and bowed his head. He did not lift it until we were alongside the ship. While we were cutting up the whale, we looked in vain for him.

"He is down in the cabin," said the mate, "weeping and sobbing like a child. He will never be a happy man again!"

"Ay, ay," said Zadik gloomily, "I felt as if no good would come of our striking that whale! We killed her offspring and she killed the captain's son."

OXIEN.

When rheumatism racks the frame,
And every joint is sore and lame,
What can immediate ease proclaim?

OXIEN!

When weary, worn, and wanting rest,
Poor woman feels herself distressed,
What is it that can aid her best?

OXIEN!

When, after drinking hard, man feels
That dizziness which o'er him steals,
There is one thing that quickly heals—

OXIEN!

Catarrh, that foe to human peace
Which human trials doth increase,
Has one, before whose power 'twill cease—

OXIEN!

The kidney pains mankind endure,
Heart trouble which will death ensue,
Have, taken in time, a speedy cure—

OXIEN!

Dyspepsia, indigestion too,
Consumption with its pallid hue—
All nature's ills yield quickly to—

OXIEN!

And as a tonic it is known,
A food for body, brain and bone,
That gives the blood a healthy tone—

OXIEN!

Our Correspondent in Coldwater, Michigan, writes:

I have an interesting case to relate. A family by the name of Buck, living in our city, have a daughter Nellie, 18 years old. A little more than one year since she was taken with the Grippe, and for a time was very bad; but in time got better, when signs of St. Vitus dance appeared, and soon became very alarming. A doctor was called and attended her for 4 weeks, but the patient grew worse, when another doctor was called, who said she ought to have been cured in 4 weeks. But when he had treated her 8 weeks, the mother told me the daughter could neither dress, undress or feed herself. At this time the mother called on the last doctor and told him Nellie was growing worse all the time. He then frankly told her Nellie could never be cured. With a heavy heart she went home. About that time she was told I was selling Oxien, the wonderful food for the nerves. She came to me in person and got a 35c. box, and strange to tell, the first box was not used up before a marked improvement was visible. They kept up its use until she had taken the contents of 6 small boxes, when wonderful to relate she was perfectly cured and is to-day well and hearty. All the foregoing facts I have from the parents and the young lady herself. The lady lives within 20 minutes walk of me, and I have their permission, and Miss Nellie's also, to make these facts public. The father's name is Louis Buck.

An almost parallel case, though not quite so bad, is that of a 16 year old son of Mr. Frank Fisk, living 2 miles from me. Had been similarly afflicted, and all medical skill had failed, but by a few dollars' worth of the food is now well.

P. S. Yesterday I saw and conversed with the young man, Fisk, who told me he was now perfectly cured, though he had been so bad that he had been obliged to quit his school and all his studies.

Yours truly, ALLEN TIBBITS.

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Don't you go, Tommy. Die wach am Rhein. Des deutschen faterland. Don't forget to write. Down in a coal mine. Flowers of the forest. Farewell to Lochaber. Farewell to Ballochmyle. Farewell to the forest. Freedom, God and right.	Buy a broom. Bay of Biscay. Bonny boat. Bob up securely. Blue-eyed Mary. Brave Wolfe. Bachelor's fare. Bonny's mistake. Canan. Callie Herrin'. Bye and bye. Believe me. Betsey Baker. Bryan O'Lyons. Bryan Dora. Bobbins' around. Bonnie Doon. Bonnie Dundee. Billy boy. Bygone hours. Beware. Baby mine. Belle Brandon. Beautiful bells. Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl. Crucify to Johnny. Come, my love, come. Dost thou love me. Dreaming of home. Fisher's Hornpipe. Forgive and forget. Dance of the Broom. Fading, still fading. Father Abbey's will. Flowers were there. Hear me, Norma. In happy moments. I'll pray for thee. I see them on their winding way. It'll be true to you. Jack of all trades. Know you not that I'm in the castle. Love that slumbers. Footprints in the snow. From fair Provence's soil and sea. Grandmother's lesson. Good-bye, howdy do. His heart is true to Poll. He never said he loved. Happy are the darters. How happy could I be with either. Hickory, dickory, dock. Here's to the maiden. Home of my heart. How times come again no more. He is an Englishman. How fickle women are. Hope brightly beams. Happy hours at home. I dream that I dwell. I'll hang my harp on a willow tree. I am dreaming of thee. I saw Euan kissing Kate. I haven't seen him lately. I've nothing else to do. Is it anybody's business? Irish washerwoman. Just to pay our respects to Magdalen. John Anderson, my Jo. Joys that we've tasted. Kiss me quick and go. Kinloch of Kinloch.	First love. Forget me not. Gladly Miss Moffet. Girls and Boys. Giles Scroggins. Gilderoy. Green sleeves. Garter. Gumbo Claff. Home so blest. Hull's Victory. Highland Mary. Hush, hush, a trifle. Laddy Dine. I would be a nun. In my cottage. I wish you well. In the starlight. I saw thee weep. In the gloaming. Jolly raftsmen. Jim along Josie. Jim crack corn. Old-time bands. Jack Rattlin. Juanita. Killarney. Kitty Tyrrell. Kathleen Aroon. Last night. Lord Lovell. Lullaby. Little flowers. Lord's a trifle. Laddy Dine. Lucy Neal. Langman's ball. Law. Larboard watch. Little Bo-Peep. Lorelei. Love, love, love. Little Barfoot. Solomon's temple. Market chorus. O John, O sweet John. O, this daisy flute. O, Rosin the beau. One blind mouse. Rataplan chorus. Robinson Crusoe. Rock a bye baby. Sing, darlings, sing. Stop dat knocking. Simon the cellarier. Strike the cymbal. Speak tender words. Star of Bethlehem. Solomon's temple. She is so innocent. See, comrades, see. The collier's son. The used up man. The bird let us cheer. The sweetest hours. The minstrel boy. The red, red rose. Little Annie Rooney. Little maid of Aradale. Light flitting shadow. Let's give three cheers. Love among the rocks. My Bible leads to glory. My mother's portrait. Maryland, my Maryland. My dear old wife and I. Melodies of many lands. Mollie, put the kettle on. The minstrel boy. My bonny Mary Dea. Mother's last request. My blue-eyed Geraldine. Merry mountain maids. My mother's portrait. Not always wealthy ladies. Nellie of the hazel dell. Near the banks of that long river. Nothing true but heaven. Over the bright blue sea. On to the field of glory. Oh, in the still night. Oh, would I were a bird. Oh, childhood's happy dwelling. One lock of hair. O, wandle and I'll come to you, my lad. Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle. Oh, George, the boat's tipping over.	My country. Miss Winkie. Maggie's secret. Ole Pee Dee. Mollie Mogg. Mollie Bawn. My Annie, O. Mary Morrison. Minstrel. Mary Blane. Money musk. My sweetheart. Maid of Athens. Not married yet. Nell and I. Nancy Lee. None can tell. Sweeten fair. Old Tubal Cain. Ole King Cole. O ye tears. O fair dove. O, my love, there. Old Grimes. Over there. Oh, Mr. Coon. The Dumbie river. Ole Pee Dee. Old King Crow. Oh, Arabella. Poor old maids. Polly Ha. Paddy Soap. Polly. Polly O'Moore. Robin Adair. Riel o' bogie. The pilot. The poachers. The watchman. Twilight dews. The fisher. The old maid. The bridge. The watermill. Unspoken. When I was a lad. When I beheld other hearts. Washing day. Wioa, Emma. Whirlings at ev- ing. Yankee girls. Young Agnes. Zip Coon. The blue bird. The perting. The Dumbie river. The fairy boy. The Ingleside. The resolve. Tulochrum. The better so. Thou art mine. The ivy green. The cup of tea. Ten o'clock. The pilot. The poachers. The watchman. Twilight dews. The fisher. The old maid. The bridge. The watermill. Unspoken. When I was a lad. When I beheld other hearts. Washing day. Wioa, Emma. Whirlings at ev- ing. Yankee girls. Young Agnes. Zip Coon.
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BY JOHN S. GREY.

The quiet little town of Tattleback had been covered with a thick mantle of snow from the time of the New Year's meeting of the club, and the disastrous visit to the Sheriff's court. The news of the latter episode, and its ludicrous termination, had spread like wildfire through the place, and it was a standing joke among the men folk that Dorothy had asked Caleb to arrest himself and prohibit drinking in his own club. Husbands chafed their wives relentlessly about the Tattleback Tea Table Club's inglorious effort to suppress their political organization, and nearly every member of the T. T. C. was in daily dread of the question, "When are you going to court again to make a complaint?"

Dorothy was the most persecuted woman in the community. From morning till night, wherever she went, some joking allusions to her court experiences would reach her ears, and even the male section of the neighbors would mercilessly ask her, whenever she encountered them, "Is your husband acting sheriff to-day, Dorothy?" or "Have you been to see the sheriff since, Mrs. Cripps?"

But Dorothy was a woman with an invincible will, and a firm purpose to carry out any project which she had determined on, so the comments on her court experience, however audible or forcible they were, had little effect. Occasionally she would smile in answering some persistent query of this class and say sweetly, "Wait and see; it's a long lane that has no turning!"

To do Mrs. Cripps credit she was what is vulgarly termed a "long-headed" woman. She was possessed of great foresight, with a natural turn for diplomacy and she had made up her mind that there was a way to effect her purpose, but that the matter would require considerable skill and care in handling. For this reason, and bearing in mind how easily and rapidly her last secret had leaked out, she decided on keeping her plans to herself for the present, and consequently vouchsafed no information as to her future operations to those who were continually asking her what she was going to do about it. And so it was that, as everybody trudged their way through the snow to the February meeting, the popular exclamation, after first greetings, was, "What will Dorothy do?"

There was a general air of depression on the faces of the members as they filed into their respective seats in the meeting room. True, the night was cold, in spite of the fact that Bridget had made a big fire in every stove in the place, but it was not the chilliness of the atmosphere so much as the cold disappointment accruing from their failure to suppress the men's "Drinking Club"—as they persisted in calling it—that made the women feel depressed.

Dorothy was one of the last to arrive, and her bright, cheery manner soon seemed to have the effect of "thawing out" the rest of the members. The tongues began to wag at a good 2.40 rate, and the chatter conveyed the idea that each member had just been liberated from some establishment where rigid silence had been imposed for a considerable length of time.

At the first rap of the President's gavel, however, the sound of voices gradually died away, until complete silence reigned in the room, when Dorothy called upon the Secretary to read the regular monthly report, and the minutes of the last meeting. After this Mrs. Jones rose to make her financial statement, which showed the club to be progressing satisfactorily and to be some six dollars in hand after payment of all outstanding debts.

When the applause attending this gratifying announcement had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Cripps declared the meeting open for discussion, and begged to remind members that, while she knew there were several subjects which had been unavoidably shelved at previous meetings, she thought that these ought to be allowed to rest for a further period, in order that members might have more time to debate upon the paramount topic of drink. (Hear, hear.) Members were all aware that their visit to the Sheriff had failed through accident, and a case of mistaken identity on their part as to who the Sheriff was on that particular day. In a fight of this kind they must be prepared for defeats and drawbacks. Without them there was no glory in ultimate victory. (Applause.) She could not exactly say what would be the next move on the part of the club against the drinking club, but she had confidence herself in their final victory, and wished the rest of the members engaged in the crusade to share her feelings.

Mrs. Traggie said she believed that their efforts were already bearing fruit as she had heard from her husband that one of the members of Mr. Cripps' club had driven in to Clovertown the other week for the purpose of



TAKING THE PLEDGE.

There was considerable applause at this, until Mrs. Rubenstein rose and explained that she knew the party in question, but it was evident that Mrs. Traggie had not heard the story aright. As members knew, her (Mrs. Rubenstein's) husband was a pawnbroker in Clovertown, and the individual her fellow member alluded to had simply taken his watch to pledge at Mr. Rubenstein's store for the purpose of raising more money to get liquor. (Cries of "Shame!" and "Horrible!")

Miss Wing remarked that it was a great pity that a lady of Mrs. Rubenstein's well known principles should have a husband who, even in the way of business, was unfortunately an aid to thriftlessness and possibly dissipation. She did not see what people wanted a loan for—

"You're alone yourself!" interrupted Maria Pullet. "All single young women are."

"Not at present, Maria," answered Miss Wing suavely, "never alone while in the presence of such well-behaved company!"

"Aint you sorry you spoke?" whispered Mrs. Jones to Maria, who replied by digging her neighbor in the ribs with her elbow.

Mrs. Rubenstein begged to be allowed to set her worthy young friend, Miss Wing, right in her business ideas. Her husband, Mr. Rubenstein, was in a legitimate business for the purpose of making money honestly. He did not depend upon the custom of the thriftless or dissipated class for a living, though, on the other hand, he could not refuse to deal with them

if they came to his store and offered good collateral for a loan. His customers were chiefly small tradesmen and farmers who had temporary need of money. He simply did business in a small way on precisely the same principle as the bankers and brokers. The only difference was that his securities were not flimsy pieces of paper, but goods of substantial value. She did not see any reason for Miss Wing's attack upon her husband's calling.

After Miss Wing had made an ample apology Martha Jagger rose up like a telegraph pole in her favorite corner. She wished to ask if it would not be considered duly proper for a committee to wait upon Sheriff Jackson at his house, where there could be little possibility of finding another man acting for him, and there present their case against the Drinking Club.

Miss Hayrick begged to remind Mrs. Jagger that Sheriff Jackson was a single young man, who boarded with her parents. She was sure that he never drank any intoxicating liquors or smoked, and was equally sure that he was strongly opposed to both. She was certain he would welcome such a delegation as had been proposed. Although there was much opposition against him in Tattleback, she knew that he was quite capable of



HOLDING HIS OWN.

(The young lady sat down, however, without informing her auditors that she was "his own," and that the gallant sheriff was in the habit of holding her nightly, in the little back parlor, for many hours at a time.)

Mrs. Jagger therefore made a motion, which was promptly seconded and carried, that a committee, consisting of Mrs. Cripps, Mrs. Pullet and Mrs. Jones, should wait upon Mr. Jackson at his residence at an early date, and lay before him the facts of the drink question, asking him, in the name of the Tattleback Tea Table Club, which practically meant the whole of the female population of the town, to use his best efforts as far as the law allowed him to break up the alleged political organization, or at least to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the club rooms.

Miss Hayrick again rose and ventured to point out that early in the mornings or late in the afternoons would be the likeliest times to have an audience with the Sheriff, as he was generally engaged after supper in matters of a private nature in which he did not like to be disturbed! (Oh, the artfulness of these girls!)

The liquor question having been temporarily disposed of to general satisfaction Miss Hayrick again rose to ask if her proposal made at the October meeting as to the purchase of a piano was now in order for debate. She understood that Mr. Rubenstein had a piano for sale at his store in Clovertown, and she believed that the club could purchase it on easy terms of payment. She wished to point out that the club was in better circumstances now than when she first mentioned the subject and she had been informed by no less an authority than Mr. Rubenstein himself, that a deposit of \$10 and the payment of \$5 per month for two years would entitle the club to the piano, which was a second hand one in good order, and a forfeited pledge. She was willing to pay the \$10 deposit from her own pocket if the club would pay the subsequent installments.

Dorothy arose with a frown on her face as Miss Hayrick sat down, and said that, as on the last occasion, she must oppose this piano business. It simply meant unnecessary expense, which the club was not in a condition to meet. She did not think there were three members who knew how to play well, therefore who would have the benefit?

Miss Wing sneeringly asked how many players Dorothy would like to one piano, and wanted to know why the listeners to good music were not as much, or more, benefitted by a piano as the performer.

Miss Tabbs gave her opinion that the little school-mistress ought to be a first-class player, as she gave herself so many "airs."

Mrs. Traggie said she did not mind voting for the piano provided that the players thereon would pledge themselves to abstain from such tunes as "Comrades" and "Maggie Murphy's Home." "I am sick of both of them," she said, "and the doctor tells me that I need a change of air."

Even the staid Martha Jagger had to laugh at Mrs. Traggie's joke, and Martha said she could see no reason why she should not approve of the piano purchase. "I think it will tend very much to the general enjoyment," she added.

"If the members so desire it I will put it to the meeting as a question to be voted on," suggested Dorothy, rising.

"Pardon me," said Miss Hayrick, standing up in her place. "It will be perhaps necessary to state my reasons for bringing up this question again at this meeting. In view of the possible—I may say probable—success of our appeal to the sheriff, I have been thinking that, should Mr. Jackson be fortunate enough to be able to suppress the Drinking Club, it would be incumbent on us as a body to tender him a vote of thanks. To be dignified, this should be done in our own club and in his presence—for that purpose we should have to break one of the rules of the club to accommodate the occasion. Now I know, for I have enjoyed much of Mr. Jackson's society, (here came a conscious blush to her cheek) that he is passionately fond of music, loves to play himself and hear others play, and I respectfully suggest that, in a club of this standing, and large membership, we ought to make an effort to keep abreast of the times, and show our visitors when we have any, that we are at least level with the rest of the world in arts and civilization." (Loud applause.)

Almost everybody who was watching Dorothy's face during the delivery of this speech, detected a gradual dying out of the frown, which was slowly replaced by one of the most gracious smiles that the President had worn for a long time.

"Well now, Susan," she said, in a familiar and patronizing way, "since you put it in that light, I really don't know but what you are right. I think we ought to have a piano. It certainly will help to pass away the long evenings. Oh, I am very fond of a piano myself, and love to hear it, though I can't play; but, to tell the truth, I was afraid of the expense. However, now that you have explained so clearly how it will be a direct benefit to us, I think I shall vote for

it myself. Has anybody anything to say why this piano should not be purchased on the terms stated?"

Not a voice was raised against Miss Hayrick's proposal, so the motion was carried without being put to the vote.

This practically concluded the business of the evening, but it was noticed at the refreshment table that Dorothy sat next to Miss Hayrick, smiling sweetly upon her and evidently bent upon being good friends. Even Bridget could not get a word in edgewise when she wanted to replenish their cups or serve them again with pie. And when the members finally dispersed for the evening, it was a noteworthy fact that Dorothy and Susan walked home together as far as the latter's gate, where they remained in close conversation regardless of passersby for a considerable time.

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| 1 Outline Design Girl 7 inches high. | 1 Design Salvia 9 in. high. | 1 Vine Holly 4 inches wide. |
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| 1 Braiding Pattern with cor. 2 in. wide. | 1 Outline Design of Girl for tidy. | 1 Outline Design Boy with Bouquet 8 in. high. |
| 1 Cluster Thistles 7x7 inches. | 1 Spray of Jonquil 6x7 inches. | 1 Clover Design. (inches high.) |
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| 1 Scallop Design with Eyelets. | 1 Monse. (high.) | 1 Outline Design of Girl 8 inches high. |
| 1 Outline Design of Girl for tidy. | 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Outline Design Girl 5 inches high. |
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| 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Design Daisies. (10 inches high.) |
| 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Design Swallow on Branch 3x5 in. |
| 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Design of Pitcher for tray cloth. |
| 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 1 Outline Design Boy with Bouquet 8 in. high. |
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DEATH OF CHAS. PRATT, ONE OF THE STANDARD OIL MILLIONAIRES, INVENTOR OF PRATT'S ACTROL OIL, IN THE OFFICE OF THE STANDARD OIL CO.

The Millionaires of New York.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER OF THE GREAT STANDARD OIL CO.

WHAT THE MAN WITH THE GREATEST INCOME IN THE WORLD LOOKS LIKE.

Chas. A. Dana, the well known editor of "The Sun," in a recent article on the wealth of several prominent New York financiers places the income of the President of the Standard Oil Company in the neighborhood of twenty millions of dollars every year. The next largest is William Waldorf Astor, with an estimated income of fourteen millions. The Vanderbilts and Jay Gould were put down at the modest sum of ten and six millions respectively. These figures are startling and deserve consideration. Following the Biblical promise that to him that hath shall be given these enormous fortunes, increase every year with gigantic strides. Interest and compound interest, principal and capital continue to pile up a rate calculated to make the average man pause in bewilderment at so colossal an aggregate. Compared with Rockefeller, Jay Gould's resources are modest. His holdings are constantly changing in value, and



AN OIL DOCK IN NEW YORK.

though he is not likely to suffer any serious diminution of fortune, yet his property consisting as it does largely of railroad securities must be constantly watched. There are few moments free from anxiety; jealous and antagonistic rivals constantly threaten the Gould properties, and when opportunity offers a hostile board of management is quickly placed in control.

With John D. Rockefeller the case is different. Aside from the enormous responsibility such a vast possession of wealth naturally brings, there is little else to disturb the even tenor of his way. Among his associates he enjoys an almost fanatical regard. To their eyes he is the most wonderful financier of the age. His partners, though men of great experience and themselves millionaires many times over, sit subservient and every action of their president receives immediate and hearty assent. Not the Czar of all the Russias is regarded with more abject adoration than John D. Rockefeller in the office of the Standard Oil Company, and the story of this man's career is more wonderful than any tale of the "Arabian Nights" and the Monte Cristo of fiction is no greater than the Monte Cristo of fact.

John D. Rockefeller some thirty years ago was the keeper of a small general store in Cleveland, Ohio, and among the articles kept in his store was kerosene oil. The great oil fields of Pennsylvania were as yet undiscovered, but when Nature unlocked the wealth that was hitherto unsuspected a new era opened for American commerce that was destined to outrival the discovery of gold in California. Rockefeller soon saw that the great secret of making money was to control an article of prime necessity and place it on the market at a price that would make consumption



HE KEPT A SMALL COUNTRY STORE.

practically boundless. The great obstacle was the enormous freight charges and the diversified interests of the different men engaged in the business. For these reasons the cost of American oil by the time it reached the seaboard was so enhanced that it was an impossibility to compete with Russia with her convict labor government railroads, and cheap operating expenses. Rockefeller conceived the idea of introducing pipe lines which solved the problem of transportation; but how was he to raise the hundreds of millions necessary for such a gigantic scheme? Oil was then selling at about 45c. per gallon. His idea was that it could be sold for one-third

or one-half that price and the demand would increase more than tenfold. It took some hard work to get the start, but a short line to Cleveland proved the correctness of his theory and now oil is pumped directly from the wells in Pennsylvania into a huge pipe through which it runs all the way to New York, where it is stored for refining. Gradually one oil refinery after another was bought in till now the Standard Oil Company are masters of the situation. Their ships are nothing but one huge tank; the oil is pumped right into them and they set sail with a port in view (also owned by the Standard) where they can discharge their cargo directly into barrels for the foreign market. It is all very well to howl about monopoly, and though it is hard to see one get so much while all the others have hard scratching, the fact still remains that without the Standard Co. oil to-day would be selling for double the money and the vast business done with foreign lands would not exist.

No external evidence of the wealth of this great corporation is ever made. None of the partners are prominent either as social leaders, politicians, or men about town. In their office at 26 Broadway there is no vulgar display of great influence or power. The wonderful policy of retirement pursued by Rockefeller is rigidly adhered to by the partners. No one ever sees their pictures in the papers. No one ever sees a representation of the manorial castles in which they live. They do not build their homes where the crowd can stand and gaze upon them with mingled feelings of awe and indignation. The two Rockefellers have magnificent estates up the Hudson in Tarrytown, just above Jay Gould.

Flagger has one near Marmaroneck on the Sound. Starbuck has one in Rye and Chas. Pratt had one in Brooklyn. But they all pursue the same policy of secretiveness affected by the ruling spirit of the firm. How it is possible for one man to impress half a dozen others with his own spirit shows the extraordinary ability of John D. Rockefeller as a leader of men. Take any half dozen of men who are all millionaires themselves and you generally find one or two self-assertive souls among them; but here all is quiet and serene. As John D. goes so goes the Standard Oil Company. This great monopoly snaps its fingers at legislation, snubs politicians, ignores the newspapers. Even Jay Gould likes the press to speak well of him.



AN OIL WELL IN PENNSYLVANIA.

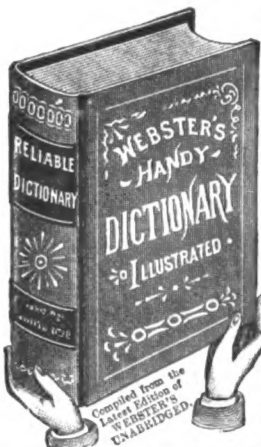
but the Standard people won't cross the street to conciliate the most powerful journal in the country. This shows the almost impregnable position which they occupy. There is no sign upon the door of the Broadway edifice and the interior of the office is but little different from that of an ordinary counting house. The offices however are scattered through the building and when the secretary desires to call on some fellow officer he puts his hat on, is raised by the elevator, discusses the question that brought him there and returns to his own quarters when the interview is ended. The call is ceremonious in the extreme.

Mr. Rockefeller is by no means an old man and is perhaps in the neighborhood of 46. Last year his daughter wedded a son of Supreme Court Justice Harlow and as a wedding gift received a check for one million dollars.

He is a great lover of church and Sunday-school; his benefactions to the latter reaching many thousands. In Cleveland he is superintendent of the Sunday-school and spends a great deal of time in it. At present he suffers from nervousness brought on by overwork, and is likely to be an invalid should he fail to obey Nature's little more than he does. He is not a tremendously built man, but is of a wiry nature and is capable of an enormous amount of hard work. He is abstemious in his habits and none know better than he the value of a sound body and a sound mind. He is careful of his health in regard to eating and drinking, but does not seem to care much about his nervous system. Take him all in all his is the most remarkable figure in New York's financial world, and if judged by his work alone is the greatest creator of property the world has yet produced.

Little Brown Jugs Given Away.

There has been a great demand for these Little Brown Jugs of late and the publishers of COMFORT have had a million made to give away to their subscribers; they have generally sold for 10c. each at the stores and are very popular to wear on watch chains or around the neck for charms. Men, women and children wear them, and to make COMFORT more popular Morse & Co. will give one free to any one sending 2c. for postage, or when sending 25c. for subscription or renewal of same say you want a jug and we will pay postage ourselves. We want everybody to have one and have them for sale by the hundred if any society desire them in quantity for badges.



months Subscription to COMFORT at 33 cents; or we will give the Dictionary free to any one sending us a club of 4 subscribers at 25 cents each.

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

FALSE MUSTACHES, Goatees, Beards and Side Whiskers. GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

Fun for the Million!



formation. The goatees are attached to the face with wax, and like the mustaches can be REMOVED and REPLACED as often as desired. For PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AMATEUR MINSTREL SHOWS, CHARADES, TABLEAU, etc., where different characters are to be represented these minute ornaments will be found invaluable. Our two illustrations show ONE and the SAME PERSON, the difference in appearance being caused ENTIRELY by wearing our different styles of hair appendages.



cents; goatees 5 cents each; four for 15 cents; one dozen, 40 cents, mailed postpaid.

FALSE BEARDS AND SIDE WHISKERS.

There is nothing that will so COMPLETELY change one's appearance as a false beard. A boy can be INSTANTLY transformed into a middle-aged man, that even his parents would fail to recognize. We have two styles, "FULL BEARDS" and "SIDE WHISKERS WITH MUSTACHE," as shown in illustrations. They are suitable for MASQUERADING PARTIES, PRIVATE THEATRICALS, TABLEAU, PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT, etc.

They can be easily adjusted to or removed from the face and young men can have any amount of fun by putting them on at EVENING PARTIES or elsewhere. The transformation is wonderful and we guarantee that the wearer of one of our beards will not be recognized by his NEAREST friends or relatives. They are made from good material, nicely crimped, which gives them a WAVY, NATURAL appearance. We have a full assortment of colors, WHITE, GRAY, RED, LIGHT BROWN, DARK BROWN, MEDIUM BROWN, and BLACK. In ordering send a small lock of hair, stating color of beard desired. Price of FULL BEARD, as shown in cut, 60 cents; price of SIDE WHISKERS WITH MUSTACHE, 60 cents; four of either for \$2.00, sent by mail postpaid. Address MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.

HELLO! HELLO! SEE, 500,000 of these elegant SILK HAND-KERCHIEFS

We have just received from the European market a great number of large 16x26 fine broadened Handkerchiefs. They are almost an exact imitation of real silk handkerchiefs, feeling and looking like silk, and are suitable for ladies' and gentlemen's use. As a pocket handkerchief, or kerchief for the neck, almost any one would value them (judging from their appearance) at from 75 cents to \$1 each. We have selected the prettiest and most fashionable shades of colors, including Blue, Pink, Red, White, Green, etc., and now that silk handkerchiefs are so fashionable, our friends will find this an opportunity seldom offered to secure new and beautiful goods. FINE, knowing everybody have called, or



want to keep their nose clean anyhow. We got these soft, durable, pretty articles for a GRAND PREMIUM OFFER. Send a club of 12 yearly subscribers for "COMFORT" at 25c. each, and we send 1 doz. free, or for 8 subs. we send 6 hdk. 1 for 4 subs. 2 will sell a sample hdk. for 15c. 3 for 50c. 4 for \$1. Don't miss this bargain. MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK



quilt, etc., and we can help you out now. We are going to dispose of this immense lot RIGHT OFF. Our packages contain from 50 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art and needle work. Many ladies sell these fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample lot now for only 25c. It would cost many dollars bought at a store. GRAND OFFER: If you order our great assorted lot at ONCE, we will give you, absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different heights and colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants, but we know if you order ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer. Three lots for 65c. a first lot \$1.00. BEST WAY: We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE to all who send 25 cents for a month's subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, or if you send for more than one lot as above, "COMFORT" goes for one year.

BETTER YET. To all answering this ad. before 30 days we will also send 6 pieces of elegant Floss FREE. They come in Red, Blue, Green, Old Gold, etc. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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A GENUINE PHOTO-TAKING MACHINE, NOT A TOY, But a Perfect Picture Producer, to be set up and used in any home.

In the line of our hundreds of low priced and reliable specialties, we now manufacture this Complete Photographing Outfit, which will be our leader during the coming season. This outfit consists of everything shown in cut and mentioned below: A strong and perfectly made CAMERA, which will take a picture 2 1/2 inches square, complete with adjustable holder for Plate and KODAK 125 with cap; 1 Printing Frame; 1 package Blue Process Paper; 1 sheet Ruby Paper; 1 package Photo Mounts; 1 package Blue Process Paper; 1 sheet Ruby Paper; 1 package Hypo-sulphite Soda; Developing Chemicals; complete and explicit instructions, enabling ANYONE to take ANY CLASS OF PICTURES with this Outfit. New please remember that you are not buying a Camera ONLY but a complete and PERFECT OUTFIT, all ready for use without further expense to you. No such Outfit has sold heretofore for less than \$5.00. Everything is carefully made and prepared and bound to work perfectly. A wonder to all who see it and its work. You are not restricted in any class of pictures. You can take Landscapes, Portraits, Buildings, in fact ANYTHING. The whole, securely packed in a wood case for shipping. Be your own Photographer. How many places of interest and friends that are dear, do you encounter every day whose image you would like to preserve? With this Outfit you can do it and almost without expense. It contains all the necessary materials. The instructions "do the rest." PRICE ONLY \$1.00 by express, by mail postpaid \$1.15. Given for a club of 8 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.



DO YOU WANT THIS BEAUTIFUL TEA SET FREE

Yes, actually Given Away for a Few Hours' Work.

Our Jewel Tea-set which we illustrate above is beautifully decorated on the finest English ware. If there is any one thing that is a woman's comfort it is nice china. There is nothing more beautiful or more useful than a nice set of finely decorated dishes. We have imported a large quantity of these beautiful Tea-sets which we intend to use as premiums to increase the circulation of COMFORT. Each set is carefully packed in a box, and unless carefully handled in transportation will go safely to any part of the United States. This set consists of 56 pieces, viz: Tea-pot, sugar bowl and pitcher, 12 cups and saucers, 12 tea plates, 2 cake plates, 12 preserve dishes, and one soup bowl. Each set is tastefully ornamented. We have them in a number of different designs, also in different colors. Each design is entirely new, and the shapes of the pieces are the latest pattern. It is as handsome a tea-set as one could wish, and will make an elegant and useful gift. Remember this is genuine English ware. We give this beautiful Tea-set for only 36 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, or 24 subscribers and \$5.00, or 20 subscribers and \$4.00. We offer it for sale at \$8.00. It must go by express or freight, receiver to pay express charges when sent as a premium purchased. Really it is a small affair, you may say, this getting 56-cent pieces for 25 cents. So take it up among your friends and see how anxious they all are to take COMFORT. Every month will bring new features, and only think, a whole year of "COMFORT" for only 25 cents. No matter how many papers or magazines they are now taking, there will be so many new thoughts in our monthly that after once subscribing they will keep it at all ways. Now send 36 subscribers at once, at 25 cents each, and have your Tea-set sent by the first train. Address, MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.



Volume 4 No. 5.

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MARCH, 1892.

By Morse & Co, Augusta, Me.

The Flight of Richard Bering

By McKendree Bangs



Chapter I

THE DISCOVERY.

ON ONE evening in the early fall Mr. Michael Bering sauntered slowly down in the cool night air to make a call, as he afterwards said, upon his elder brother Richard who lived in an old fashioned house to the westward of Washington Square. Slowly for some years encroachments had been made upon the respectability of the neighborhood; but just where Richard lived it was still pleasant.

When near the house he saw his nephew Richard, Jr., leave it suddenly and run rapidly down the stoop, to the nearest corner and then southward. He was puzzled, as he said, and he followed young Richard but in a little while he lost sight of him. Then he reflected that it was too late for him to make the call he had intended and besides, as he said to himself, "They have quarrelled, he and his father. A call might not be opportune."

So he turned upon his heel and retraced his steps, going now to his own apartments on upper Fifth Avenue. He had not been long at home when a messenger came in hot haste to summon him to his brother's house.

His brother Richard had been murdered. When Michael Bering arrived the police

were already there and had begun their investigation. The old gentleman had been found dead upon the floor in his library by one of the servants who was about to lock up the house.

The opened safe, the ransacked desk, the general confusion of the room made plain, the authorities thought at first, the object of the crime. That some one had tried to rob the old man they had no doubt, but whether of money or papers they could not determine. They found in one of the drawers of the safe a considerable sum of ready money, and in others many negotiable securities; but even this discovery helped them little toward a certain conclusion. No one could tell whether these had been left behind because the criminal did not want them or whether he had been surprised at his work and so forced to go without his reward.

On that evening when Michael was so summoned to his brother's house he had found Mary Irving, the ward of his brother and an inmate of his house, deeply affected by the sudden calamity; but strong and resolute to bear her misfortunes bravely. To Michael she made as little show of her grief as she could; but then and afterwards in the quiet of her own room Mary Irving shed many tears and night after night she cried herself to sleep. In the morning she awoke to new grief and new fears. Midway in her dressing sometimes, consciousness of the suspicion, now so apparently shared in by so many that Richard was really the culprit, came over her and she threw herself again upon her disordered bed in despair, saying in her helplessness:

"Oh, Richard, Richard," she would cry, "why don't you come home? Why don't you come back?"

And tears would come again to her relief. Often she would think of Michael Bering and she would straightway become angry and indignant.

"How dare he suspect him?" she would ask herself. "And how dare he show it?"

Her loyalty to Richard and her faith in him never wavered; but gradually a new fear came to her. As day after day went by and nothing was heard of Richard she began to fear that some misfortune had befallen him too, and that she might never see him again. It was hard to bear; but whatever grief or suffering she bore she hid from those about her. Until the day of the funeral she avoided Michael Bering. Then as she made part of the procession she shuddered as she touched him. She felt toward him a greater distrust than she ever had before, a distrust she could have given no reason for but which was none the less real and certain. But Michael Bering made no sign.

A few days after the funeral the officials in charge permitted Michael Bering, as the nearest relative of the murdered man, to take charge of the papers and documents in the desk and safe after they had themselves examined and inventoried them. Michael went carefully over them. He was gratified to find that the provisions of his brother's will, which he claimed to discover, all blood stained, among the other papers, gave him even more power over his estate and over Mary's than he had hoped for.

"We seem to be rid of young Richard," he said to himself musingly. "There's something in that; there is a great deal in that."

He made his examination thoroughly and leisurely. Then he sought Mary Irving.

"Mary," he said abruptly, "you have avoided me."

"It is true; I have," she responded in her straightforward manner, and she rose as if to leave the room.

"Wait a minute, Mary." His vanity was wounded, and he was very angry; but he controlled himself and went on calmly. "I will not question your wisdom. No, nor your taste. But now it is necessary that we talk of business together. Will you sit down?"

Mary quietly seated herself and waited for him to continue.

"Mary," he began after a few minutes silence, "your father's will—you know its provisions?"

"No," she answered simply.

"Richard, my brother, never told you then? That was not right."

"I know that Uncle Richard did what was best and right for me," she said angrily.

"No doubt," Michael Bering answered. "That is—but I shall make no comments. I will tell you the fact. Your father's will was a very strange one. It showed an extraordinary faith in human nature in general and in Richard



Bering in particular, to say the least."

"It was right that he should. They were friends always. They were in business together, too."

"Very good, but practically your father disinherited you."

"I cannot believe that he did anything so cruel—why, he loved me. There must be some mistake."

"However that may be," Michael went on calmly, "he left all his property, and it was very large, to my brother, not in trust for you, but absolutely."

"Full confidence," the will says, "in the integrity of my dear friend Richard Bering, and in his ability to so manage, for the future benefit of those who should naturally be my heirs and beneficiaries, whatever property I shall die possessed of, if it be incorporated with his own, I do bequeath, etc., giving to him everything in that way."

It was a very strange will indeed.

"And you say that he disinherited me. I think that he did what was best for me."

"He knew my brother very well; but he gave him a great deal of power. There is a reference in the will to certain verbal directions or requests. What they were of course, we do not know."

Departure of Columbus to the New World



Columbus received by the Catholic Kings after his first voyage



Landing of Columbus



The TATTLEBACK



TEA TABLE CLUB

When Sheriff Jackson returned to his home one afternoon in March, he was somewhat surprised to find three ladies in the front parlor waiting to interview him. They were Dorothy, Mrs. Pullet and Selina Jones, and their business was to enlist his aid and sympathy in suppressing Caleb's club. Mr. Jackson received the delegation graciously and immediately interested himself in their errand. It was, he said, an outrage on the community at large that such a law-defying association as this supposed political club should exist in Tattleback, and, in his capacity as upholder and defender of the majesty of the law, it should be his one aim and endeavor to suppress the club by all constitutional means. This gallant speech caused all the ladies to smile as sweetly as they knew how, and they became so voluble in their thanks that Mr. Jackson seemed intensely relieved when Susan Hayrick came into the room to ask him if he was ready for supper, but what took Selina Jones by surprise and made her stare in amazement was the way in which Miss Hayrick cheekily addressed the sheriff.

"George dear," she said, "what time would you like your supper?" George dear! The ladies fairly gasped for breath, but Susan was as cool and self-possessed as if she were talking to her younger brother. And their astonishment was intensified when the handsome young sheriff smiled gaily, almost lovingly, on Miss Hayrick and replied, "Any time you like dear, I am in no hurry."

After they had thanked the sheriff for his kind reception and promises of assistance, they bowed themselves out.

Between that afternoon and the March meeting of the Tattleback Tea Table Club a week later, the news had been industriously circulated that Susan Hayrick had "set her cap" for Sheriff Jackson, and that an immediate wedding would doubtless be the result. On the assembling of the members and the meeting being formally declared open, Dorothy rose for the purpose of presenting a report about their interview with the sheriff and the result of their visit. Mr. Jackson's sympathy with their movement excited much pleasant comment among the members, and Martha Jagger was first on her feet to propose a vote of thanks to him. This motion was seconded by Mrs. Rubenstein and carried by universal acclamation. Selina Jones said she thought the Tattleback Tea Table Club might congratulate itself on having at last got a good chance to suppress Mr. Cripp's unlawful association, and she firmly hoped they would make prompt use of the opportunity.

Martha Pullet followed in a similar strain, and said that, should they be successful, it must not be forgotten that much if not all of their success would be due to the indomitable pluck, energy and brain of their worthy President. (Applause.)

Martha Jagger then advanced to the table, and said that she would, with the permission of the officers and members, make a report on the progress that had been made with the debating class of which she was the proposer, and later the president. Dorothy said she felt sure the club would be delighted to hear what had been done in this connection, and, if Martha would kindly wait for a few minutes until they had inspected the new piano and heard it tried by either Miss Wing or Miss Hayrick, they would have great pleasure in listening to Mrs. Jagger's account of the first important debate of the society.

Now Miss Hayrick knew that everybody in the room was aware of her little love affair, and she was wearing one of her most becoming, fast-color blushes in the vain endeavor to hide her confusion. Nevertheless, in response to various calls,



"SHE CONCLUDED TO FACE THE MUSIC,"

and so seated herself at the piano, modestly asking what they wished her to play.

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, "do you know Maggie Murphy's Home?"

"Indeed, is she?" asked Susan. "Well it is about timeshe went home, for we have really got tired of her being at large!"

The laugh that followed this joke of Miss Hayrick's was only drowned by the sound of the piano, from which proceeded the enchanting strains of the latest opera, skillfully rendered by Susan, whom everybody at once recognized as quite an accomplished player. All congratulated her at the conclusion of her performance.

When all the ladies had returned to their places in the meeting-room below, and Dorothy had rapped her corkerscrew gavel for silence—a most unusual thing to obtain in a room where there are over four score women—Mrs. Jagger's Eiffel Tower like figure was seen to loom up in the centre of the apartment, and she proceeded to read as follows, in a voice that reminded one of a circular saw cutting through a pine log.

"Fellow members. I have asked the privilege tonight of giving you some account of the Debating Society attached to this club, and which was proposed and founded by myself in this room some months ago. We have to-day ladies, twelve members of our class including myself, and when I mention that Mrs. Mentor—whose lamented husband died last week of paralysis of the nerves and general shock to the system—is one of our leading lights you will readily recognize the extraordinary power which this practice of debate has given to some of us. Why, the lady in question could scarcely talk at all three months ago, her husband used to bully her, and she had no power to answer him, but, by persistent study and practice she gradually acquired a volubility and logical acumen that began to tell by degrees upon her husband's manner, until finally, her garrulity and persistent habit of cross questioning, compelled his coarser nature to succumb and take to his bed. In a despair from which, unfortunately for her, he never recovered. Not only is she now deprived of his support and protection, but she has lost the sole person with whom she had any ambition whatever to debate on household matters. (Here handkerchiefs were in great requisition throughout the room—most of the members had the Grip and needed the cambrics to wipe their noses.) Mrs. Sproul, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Chadwick and Mrs. Perine have so mastered the intricacies of logic and the power of rapid enunciation since our classes commenced, that they themselves gleefully admit the complete conquest they have

had over their husbands. Even a ferocious man like Jacob Grumm has been forced into abject submission since Mrs. Grumm learned to talk. She used to be afraid of him, now the conditions are reversed.

"So much for the good effects of our class. Now, with your permission I will read you an accurate transcription of our last debate, the subject being, 'Should the Husband Rule the Wife?' The discussion was commenced by Mrs. Sproul, whose 246 pounds give her some weight in the community. She proceeded to show her hearers that



A WOMAN'S WEIGHT

with the majority of men was an entirely erroneous one. In taking the affirmative side of the question, she quoted Scripture lavishly, and cited numerous instances from the ancient history of many civilized countries to show that it has been an understood thing from Eve's time down to the present day, for the wife to be subject to her husband in all things. Mrs. Sproul declared that though she had been married for over eighteen years, she did not remember a single instance when her husband had attempted to tyrannize over her, or contradict her in any particular. There was nothing to prevent him doing so if he wished to, though possibly their relative sizes might have something to do with the matter. (Mr. Sproul was 4 ft. 11 inches high, and weighed about 110 pounds, and it was a matter of current gossip that his mental calibre was of the smallest attainable size.)

"Mrs. Chadwick added it was perfectly true as Mrs. Sproul had said, that Scriptural and ancient history afforded abundant proof that the wives of old were physically and morally slaves to their so-called lords and masters. It was also true that their sex had purposely been kept for ages in the still worse bondage of ignorance. There had been a sinister motive in that of course, but with the march of civilization and the spread of education, there came light, knowledge and action! As a general rule women were not by any means as strong physically as men, nor could they pretend to cope with them in matters depending on muscle and endurance, but when it came to mental capacity, there was hardly a position, political, commercial, social or otherwise, that woman could not fill as responsibly and respectably as any man in the United States. Nay, she would even go further and say, that the majority of educated women were cleverer than the majority of educated men. Woman was, in her opinion, the equal, and in many cases undoubtedly the superior of her husband, and that being the fact, she could not see any valid reason why she should be considered or treated as an inferior being.

"Mrs. McIntosh remarked that she could not conscientiously agree with the last speaker, if she intended to take up the position that a wife was in no way subject to her husband. She thought it a reasonably fair argument that a woman was, in a sense, subject to the man upon whom she depended for her support, and for that of her children. In those rare cases when a woman with money married a poor man, and had to keep him, there was, of course, good ground for her resenting the slightest show of tyranny or 'lord' ship, but in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, though a woman married a man principally because she loved him, yet she consented to the union only on the tacit understanding that her husband would provide her with a home and all life's comforts that he could procure, for the term of her natural life.

Mrs. Perine thought that Mrs. McIntosh had overlooked the fact that even though a husband provided his wife with many comforts, he instinctively looked to her to comfort and cheer him through life. She it was who made his home comfortable and happy, who prepared his meals, washed his clothes, starched his shirts, darned his socks, and a thousand and one other little things which a man was wholly incapable of doing for himself, and yet which greatly tended to make his life happy and free from care. As regards life's comforts, the paying for them did not always procure them, and she thought it would be found to be an incontrovertible fact that man was more indebted to woman for his earthly happiness than vice versa.

"Mrs. Grumm said she did not see why such stress was laid upon 'Comfort,' when any one of them could obtain it for 25 cents a year. (Loud laughter.)

"Mrs. Martin said she felt herself placed in a position where she could neither take the affirmative nor negative. She did not really think there should be any undue authority vested either in man or wife, but that the two be always considered, and consider each other, as equals. Happy marriages were founded on this kind of a union, where the motto of each was to 'bear and forbear,' each gave in to the other, and neither ever claimed to be master.

(Mrs. Jagger paused in her reading, in order to collect breath enough to deliver her own share in the debate.)

"The President, Mrs. Jagger, said that inasmuch as she considered woman had a nobler mission in this world than that which had been entrusted to man, she would be compelled to take the negative side of the question. Man was the stronger of the sexes, but he was also the most selfish and had a coarser nature. His views were narrow, his aims and ambitions sordid in the extreme, his fancies changeable, his mind inconstant. Woman was the reverse—gentle, affectionate, tolerant, forgiving, intellectual, refined, and as far above man in every good way as the sky was above the earth. There was, from her point of view, no reason whatever why man should dominate over woman, because in the first place he was totally unfitted to govern, and did not command respect enough to be willingly obeyed by intelligent women. He was full of vices, she of virtue, another reason why he should not have authority over her, and she would have to claim for her sex that in every intellectual respect it was superior to man. She would not allow any man breathing to lord it over her, she would not obey his commands or observe his requests unless it suited her so to do, and she had determined years ago to take no notice whatever of her husband's orders, nor did she ever intend to in future."

It was at this juncture that, after a slight tap on

the door a thin little man with red hair peeped into the room, and looked earnestly around.

"Martha Jagger!" he cried, in a squeaky voice. "Yes, David," replied that lady faintly. "Just you come right home and stop this gossiping business. You know my black pants want mendin' before I can go to town to-morrow!"

"All right, David dear," said the giantess timidly, and to the astonishment of the Tattleback Tea Table Club the valiant Martha slunk away into the exterior darkness, escorted by her diminutive lesser half!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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DEAR COUSINS:

We are coming to the hard time for housekeepers; nothing in the market to help much with our cooking, hence little chance for variety on the table, and worst of all, that dreaded house-cleaning looming in the distance, not so very far off. I know of some terribly neat and exceedingly foolish people who, even in our cold New England climate, will persist in cleaning house in March, "because Mother always did"; down comes every stove in the house, and their families sneeze, shiver and cough through the remainder of the chilly, changeable Spring. Don't do this, my housekeeper cousins. Health is better than neatness, and the comfort of your family should be placed before any traditional notions about times and seasons. We must clean, I admit, but April and May will give us plenty of warm, sunny days which will be much better for such undertakings than this blustering month.

This has been a season of much illness throughout the country, and doctors and nurses have been in demand. It is always difficult to find dishes to tempt an invalid's capricious appetite, and I am glad to have a few recipes in that line to give you this time, sent in by a thoughtful cousin.

A FINE JELLY.

Cover 2 ounces of gelatin with cold water, and let soak 1 hour, add 1 pound of sugar and a pint of boiling water, stir until the sugar is dissolved, and add a pint and half of cranberry juice. Strain and pour into a shallow pan and set on ice or in a very cold place. Cover 2 ounces more of gelatin with cold water and let soak, pour over a quart of boiling water, 1 pound of sugar, the juice of 2 lemons with the grated yellow of the rind, stir until the sugar is dissolved, strain in a shallow pan and set to cool. When firm and hard cut in little blocks, and heap on a large dish the red and yellow jellies alternately.

ORANGE CREAM.

Orange cream is a change, a relish sometimes when nothing else seems to satisfy the callings of a disturbed and unnatural taste. Grate 3 oranges into 2 cups of cold water, and beat up with 2 eggs. Sweeten, strain, simmer slowly till it thickens, and cool in glasses.

SOFT BOILED EGGS.

Fresh eggs for invalids who like them soft should be put in a pan of boiling water and set on the stove where they will not boil, for several minutes; at the end of that time they will be like a jelly, perfectly soft, but beautifully done, and quite digestible.

LONG MADE BEEF TEA.

Get 2 or 3 pounds of shin of beef; remove all the skin and the marrow from the bone; cut the meat into small pieces, and have the bone broken up. Take also a knuckle of veal—that is, just the knuckle bone—have it broken up, and put all into a strong earthen jar. Place the jar into a large saucepan of hot water, and tie the cover down with a piece of stout brown paper, using neither salt nor pepper on the meat. Let it boil slowly all day. When done, the jar will be filled with meat gravy; strain this, and when cold it will be a strong jelly. In summer this may be served cold, and in winter pour hot water over a portion, and you have beef tea. This will keep a week in summer, in a cool place, and much longer in winter. M. E. F.

What an institution canned goods are! for we can have them at all times of the year. Here is a receipt for something which will help in making a variety in the bill of fare, with the assistance of the ever-present can.

SALMON CROQUETTES.

To one 1 lb. can of salmon take 1 egg and 3 soda crackers, and stir well together. Make in the very small cakes; then beat 2 eggs, and roll the cakes first in egg and then in rolled cracker and fry in half butter and half lard. Try it cousins, you will find it good.

Will also give a recipe for

When you "don't know what on earth to have for dinner," try this.

FRIED PORK STEW.

Put several slices of rather lean salt pork on the fire in a large kettle and fry till a nice brown, have ready 4 quarts of boiling water and pour over the meat when done. Add one dozen potatoes pared and sliced 1-2 inch thick, 4 good sized onions, 2 carrots, scraped and sliced thin, 2 teaspoons of turpentine cut in very small pieces, salt and pepper to taste. When this has boiled 20 minutes, add dumplings and cover closely and cook 15 minutes longer. The stew should be well covered with soup when dumplings are added, or it will burn on and spoil. A delicious dish for dinner.

DUMPLINGS.

1 pint of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Flour to make a stiff dough. Let stand 20 minutes before you put them in to cook.

AUNT MARY.

MACARONI SOUP.

2 small carrots, 4 onions, 2 turnips, 2 cloves, salt and pepper to taste, herbs, marjoram, parsley and thyme. Any cooked or uncooked meat. Put soup bones in enough water to cover; when they boil, skim, and add vegetables, simmer 3 or 4 hours, strain through colander and put back in saucepan to reheat. Boil 1-2 pound macaroni until quite tender, place in soup tureen, and soup over it—the last thing. Vermicelli soup is made the same way, only soak vermicelli a short time—not boil.

Try some of these good things for desserts, too, make a change.

CINNAMON ROLLS.

Take a piece of light dough and add 1 cup of sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup of butter, and some cinnamon. Mix well and let it rise, when light roll out, spread with butter, cinnamon and sugar, cut in squares and roll, let them raise again, then bake.

BATTER CAKES.

3 eggs, 1 quart sour milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful salt, flour to make a smooth batter.

LEMON CRACKERS.

11-2 cups sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1-2 cup lard, 1 egg, a little lemon extract, 5 cts. worth ammonia, make rather soft and roll very thin, cut in squares and pick with a fork.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.

3 eggs, 2 cups molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup butter, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 tablespoonful ginger.

RICE PUDDING.
Boil a cup of rice very soft, when done add, while hot, a piece of butter the size of a goose egg. Beat 5 eggs very light and add them with 1-2 pound sugar and 11-2 pints of sweet milk, season with lemon; bake one hour.

COUSIN MOLLY.

VINEGAR PIE.
Rub between the hands, 1-2 cup of brown sugar and 1-4 cup of flour, put it in the pie crust and fill with vinegar which can be weakened if too strong; bake with 1 crust. It is delicious.

Mrs. M. DEE.

BOILED CIDER PIE.

4 tablespoons boiled cider, 3 of water, 3 of sugar, 2 of flour and 1 egg; beat all together and bake with 2 crusts.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

3 tablespoons tapioca soaked in water over night. In the morning pour over 1 quart milk, boil 10 minutes, add 1 cup sugar, yolks of 3 eggs well beaten. Pour in a dish and spread beaten whites over the top; brown lightly.

Mrs. EVIE SPRAGUE.

In answer to E. E.'s request I will send a few recipes for cooking rolled oats.

PORRIDGE.

To enough of boiling water to cover it add a cupful of oats, season with a little salt and boil 15 minutes.

PUDDING.

Prepare porridge as above, when cold add the yolks of a few eggs, sugar, and grated lemon, and finally the well beaten whites of the eggs; then bake. Butter and serve hot with cream and sugar.

GEMS.

Take 1 cup of porridge, 1 cup of rich milk, 1 cup Indian meal, 1 cup common flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 of salt, 2 of butter, large tablespoonful of molasses, 4 eggs, stir together, drop in gem-pans and bake in a quick oven.

Will someone send the recipe for making chicken salad, and also the recipe for making mixed pickles?

CURRANT CAKE.

11-2 pounds of flour, 1 pound of sugar, 3-4 pound butter, 7 eggs, 1 gill milk, 1-2 teaspoon saleratus, 1 pound of currants.

SPICE CAKE.

1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of sugar, 2-3 cup of butter, 1 cup of sour milk, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful nutmeg, 11-2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 3 cups of flour.

I would like for some of the cousins to tell me how to make tomato catsup.

MAY E. R.

Please remember the requests for special recipes, and respond liberally. The older housekeepers must help the younger ones, you know. Your

COUSIN CERES, (Care of COMFORT.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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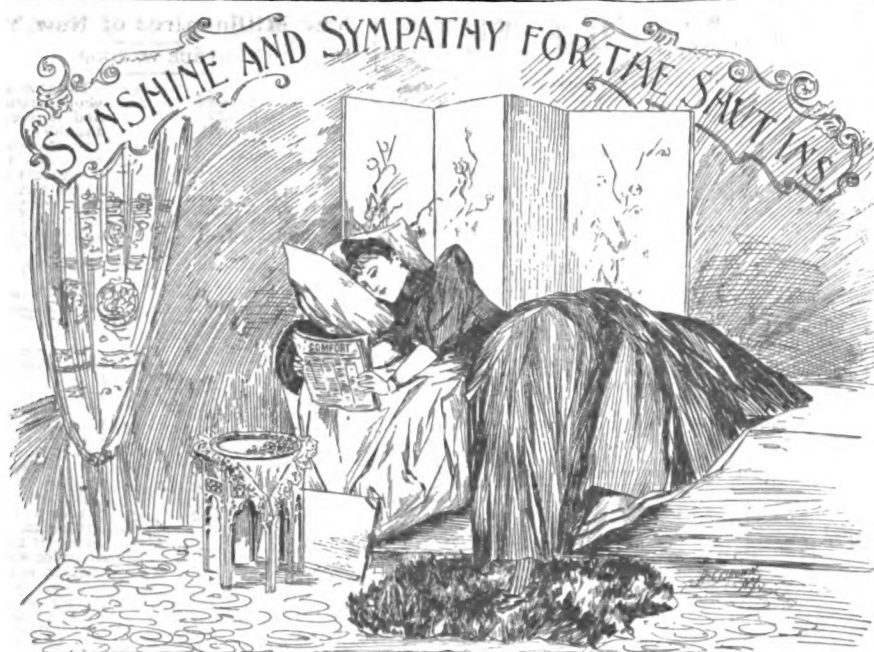
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MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Are not your hearts glad when you think that the dreary winter is nearly over? March is cold and blustering, to be sure, but the sun shines bright and warm, and the days constantly lengthening, remind us that Summer is on her way to cheer and bless us. Every one is more or less "shut-in" during the cold winter months, but Summer cannot be shut-out, for her sweetness will penetrate even to the invalid's chamber.

A beautiful little poem has been sent me, which I will give you instead of any words of my own this month.

"CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING."

LUKE 10: 40-42.

Christ never asks of us such heavy labor
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oft times counts a service most complete.
He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart.
'Tis always in the time of deepest stillness
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.
We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure!
Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.
As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see;
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.
And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure, to such He gives but little heed.
Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, or lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—Will some of COMFORT readers send pieces of material to finish crazy quilt, also half worn clothing, or anything their hearts may prompt them, that can be of use to a woman who is devoting the best years of her life to an invalid cousin. Thirteen years ago the cousin met with an accident which ruined her health, for four years she has been perfectly helpless excepting her arms; her spine is drawn out of shape, her knees almost meet her chin, still she is cheerful and can sew and embroider. The Dr.'s bills have taken all the money they saved and now the friends do what they can for them. The cousin who cares for her receives no pay, so is dependent upon her friends for clothing. Your hearts would ache if you could see these two women so devoted to each other. Anything sent to me for these two women with this address, will be taken to them as soon as received: Mrs. M. E. SMITH, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Truly our hearts should be touched by such a story of suffering and self-sacrifice. We can at least send these poor souls a cheering letter, some reading matter, or a few scraps.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—With your permission allow me to occupy a little space in giving some useful information for the benefit of the "Shut Ins." Although I never was shut in but a few days at a time, I know what it is to have ill health. The Psalmist says, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," and Paul informs us that every man should be "temperate in all things," 1 Cor. 9: 24-25. The beloved disciple of Jesus left a beautiful testimony on record, "Beloved, I wish above all things that those may prosper and be in health, even as the soul prospereth," 3 Jno. 2. Since I gained a knowledge of the laws that govern our being, health under the blessing of God has gradually improved. I have been astonished at the amount of labor I have been enabled to perform during the past few years. I wish to mention a few things that are the cause of sickness, disease and death. I will only call your attention to the use of tea, coffee and tobacco this time. "Why," says one, "I could not live without tea." Well, I used to think I must drink it for the headache. I have heard some say tobacco was good for the toothache, etc. I propose that all who use these discard them and see if their aches won't be less. Tea is a stimulant, it excites the nerves, causing nervous prostration, and it injures the stomach causing indigestion. When tea is first taken it seems to make one feel better, but when the effect of tea wears off they are worse. Tea causes headache, wakefulness, indigestion, palpitation of the heart and various other evils. Coffee, too, does more harm than many suspect, it is paralyzing both to mental, moral and physical powers. Tobacco is a slow poison, it weakens the brain and blunts the fine sensibilities of the mind; thus, by the use of these stimulants, after a little while the skin becomes dark and sallow. In the place of tea and coffee I recommend a cup of hot milk (boiled), this is food and 'tis nourishing too. Drinking a cup of hot water (sipping it as hot as one can) half an hour before each meal will be beneficial for various ailments, this aids the liver in its work and cleanses the stomach. If one does not realize immediate results do not give up in discouragement, but persevere, asking God to bless the effort, and believe that He will.

HANNAH E. SAWYER, E. Marshall St., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is much truth in these suggestions, and I want to especially add my approval to the one about hot milk. Physicians are now recommending its use as a stimulant in cases of exhaustion, etc., in many instances where whiskey or brandy were formerly employed.

Dear COMFORT friends:—My heart is full of thankfulness to-night for all the kind letters and favors received, especially the dollar that one of the King's Daughters sent. Surely God knows when to send relief. I am one of the "Shut Ins," lame with rheumatism, but can sit and do some light work. I have taken many nice lace patterns from COMFORT. I am very anxious each month to get the paper, it cheers and comforts one so much. Wishing you all a happy New Year.

Mrs. M. A. Provost, Greenwich Ave., Stamford, Conn.

These are pleasant words for our King's Daughters to hear—words of gratitude for the service done in His Name. Yet do not forget, dear Daughters, that we must work on just the same, even though no such reward is vouchsafed us. "Your Father which seeth in secret, Himself shall reward you openly."

"COMFORT has been coming to me regularly for several months, and it has indeed been a great comfort to me. I like it very much and can hardly wait till it comes. I like the Chats the best, for I find such cheering letters full of sympathy for us poor 'Shut Ins.' Yes, dear cousins, it does lighten our burdens and cheers our hearts to know there are so many kind Christians ever ready to scatter seeds of kindness all along our thorny path. I live here in the zinc and lead mines, and if any of the cousins want specimens of either zinc or lead ore, I will exchange for sea shells, sea beans or mosses, lilly bulbs or silk scraps, or send postage for specimens as they are very heavy. I feel very grateful to those who send me reading matter, and I always pass it on to some one else after I read it. I would like some cheerful letters and magazines, and now I want to ask a favor of you and your hand: it is, pray for me, that if it is God's will I may be restored to health, and if not that He will give me grace to bear my burden and prepare me for His coming kingdom where I hope we will be a united band and know each other.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. E. E. TIBBENS, Carterville, Jasper Co., Mo."

"When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we come to Thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea?
The Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homelike are we for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!"

"Some kind friend has sent me a copy of COMFORT which I have enjoyed very much as I am a partial invalid, often very sick and never very well. I live in a part of the country where the land is very thin and people have to struggle hard to make ends meet. I am poor myself, but we have not been living here long. I have tried to be of use in my weak way, and would be glad if the COMFORT friends will help me if they can. There are so many bright young people around here whose parents are not able to buy church clothes for them, and I have started a Sunday-school at my home, but have no books for them. Would be glad if some kind friend would send me some. It does not matter if they are old. Perhaps some S. S. has an old library that they would gladly dispose of in that way. If any one has any old children's magazines, will be glad to receive them. One lady gave us the St. Nicholas magazine for 1879 and 80, but they have all been read. I would not ask for help if I was able to buy the things without; but I cannot bear to see the young things growing up without some one lending a hand to help them to a knowledge of better things. I ask this in the name of our blessed Master who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Mrs. J. F. COMPTON, Colvin Run P. O., Fairfax Co., Va.

Express office, Vienna, Fairfax Co., Va.
May God bless you, dear friend, in your efforts to work for him! Your courage puts us stronger ones to shame. Will not many respond to this call for books and papers? So many of us, I doubt not, have books and magazines enough lying useless in the garret, to fit out this struggling little Sunday-school with a library, and make the heart of this lonely worker rejoice. Bring out the hid treasures, dear friends, and let us contribute what we can to this good work which is being done in the name of our Master.

"I have been a subscriber to COMFORT since April '91 and it gives me pleasure reading the letters from people throughout the world. It seems queer to me that one can get such comfort a whole year for only 25c. I am not one of those cousins who can tell of good times. I used to enjoy myself when a child, but I took the scarlet fever when only twelve years old which left me very deaf. Nobody who has not been deaf can know what trouble that means. Even though you may be suffering with pain, you are hopeful that it will pass away, and you will come back to health and strength. Or even to chronic invalids I would say do not be discouraged; if you are blessed with sight, hearing and speech, you might find lots to keep you busy in motion and cheer your heart. I almost live on reading and you do not know how happy it would make me to receive letters direct from cousins all over the United States or anywhere else. Do not be afraid you cannot write anything that would be of any interest to me. Any little incident of happenings around where you live or descriptions of your homes or anything you may choose to write; don't matter whether you are educated or not, your letter will be sure to interest me and help pass away my lonely time. I sign myself both loving niece and cousin, (Miss) JEANETTE RICHMOND, Gibraltar, Ont."

"I have been sick for over 7 years and have not walked a step for over 4 years. Oh, how my heart goes out in sympathy for all those who have tasted and drank from the same bitter cup of affliction as I have, but our best and only comfort is that we shall not stay in this world of pain and sorrow. Sunshine you expressed my thoughts so minutely in July No. of COMFORT that I have scarcely anything else to say; would like to have you write to me very much, also Kansas Sunflower and many others who would be kind enough to write to me. Now let us try how happy we can make each other, and not how miserable we can make anyone. Let us all bear in mind the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' Would it not be a world of peace and joy if we could all fulfill these precious words? With best wishes to all, I am your invalid niece, MISS MARY M. BORNER, Willow Dell, Darke Co., Ohio."

Dear invalid friends:—I trust this may not prove an intrusion, am afraid I am presuming on the friendship of the "Shut Ins" by entering their circle, not being a "Shut In" any more. I assure you however that my motives are good, and if my few words do not benefit anyone, I trust they may not do any harm. I have a tender feeling for the afflicted, having passed through the furnace of affliction myself, and we know that true sympathy comes from the afflicted. My heart went out to those suffering ones whose letters are inserted in Sept. No. of COMFORT. I felt an uncontrollable desire to write a few words of cheer and encouragement to all who frequent this column. Don't despair, dear friends, there is hope for you all, even the very helpless. And with God all things are possible, and on Aug. 3rd He manifested His power by raising me up instantaneously in answer to prayer, to God is due all the honor and glory. To all suffering ones I say, take the Lord for your healer and He will restore and bless those who ask in faith, believing you know "Whatever ye ask in prayer believing ye shall receive," Matt. 21-22. And in James 5: 14-16 we are told how to be healed. Aunt Minerva's corner is becoming very interesting as well as in-

structive, to her and the many cousins I extend my heartfelt wishes, and to those in this column my heartfelt sympathy and best wishes for their comfort and recovery.

Sincerely an ex-invalid, EVA L. SCOTT, Venice, Wash. Co., Penn.

Names of those wishing reading matter, help and sympathy:
Mrs. E. C. Thompson, Bowens Mills, Barry Co., Mich.
Joseph B. Osborn, Barrett, Kanawha Co., W. Va.
M. T. Weldon, West Point, Ga.
Fannie H. C., 614 E. Jefferson St., Bloomington, Ills.
Mrs. Lizzie Smith, Naples, Ind. Ter.

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In the Cosy Corner Of the Editor's Sanctum



WELL, dear readers, the war cloud has disappeared, and while it may be said that it was never more than a mere speck in the sky yet was it a war cloud nevertheless. Why is it now, I ask you, that the nations of the earth may not dwell in peace together? There is room enough for us all on the face of the globe. Why may we not settle our differences like reasonable people? Why should we be forever and always pointing cannon at each other, why should our swords be so ready to leap from their scabbards upon the slightest provocation? In plain English, I ask you: Why should we be ready to murder each other? Is man nothing but a killing machine, with springs of destruction coiled within him, so that upon merely pressing upon one of his nerves, you set this deadly engine in action and it continues to thrust, strike, stab, until it runs down? Or is he what the great bard of Avon styled him, to wit: Noble in reason, infinite in faculty? In action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! The paragon of animals! Possibly both of these views are extreme; but we certainly have inherited from our fiery-spirited forefathers a pronounced inclination to kill. See how the child delights in his toy sword, the youth in his bow and arrow, the man in his fowling piece and rifle. It has been well said that the Englishman's first thought in waking up mornings is to go out and kill something. What terrible demons must we seem to be in the soft and gentle eyes of the deer, the elk and the antelope? What paralyzing shivers of dread must seize upon the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the wild pigeon, when this stalking figure bearing the thunderbolt in its hands enters their peaceful homes? These are the dragons' teeth from which spring the armed warriors! So long as man remains a hunter, he will remain a fighter. When the day comes that he shall be strong enough to resist this inclination to kill for the mere pleasure of killing there will be hope of reforming him altogether. Meanwhile the women must do their best to put an end to war. They have always dreaded it, they suffer most from it, and they, heaven's blessings on them, are free from this barbarous inclination to go out and kill something.

It is barely possible that there might be such a thing as a just war, a holy war; but be not deceived by your brother's cunning. Your "war maker" is almost always a selfish and ambitious man, who in the name of right and justice, with prayerful countenance and uplifted hand, solemnly asseverates that he—in crying havoc! and letting slip the dogs of war—is prompted only by love of his country and deep affection for his fellowman. When will the world become enlightened enough to distinguish her Caesars from her Cincinnatuses, her Napoleons from her Washingtons? But still more strange, the "war maker" has often been inspired with the idea that the sweet millennium might be reached by wading through rivers of blood, laying waste the fair land and burning and pillaging beautiful cities. For instance, in the Thirty Years' War lasting from 1618 to 1648 and waged by the Catholic princes of Austria, Germany and Spain against the Protestant princes of North Germany and Sweden, the Protestant soldiers were then fighting the last battles that were destined to spread horror and ruin over the face of Europe; that once their arms were victorious the glorious millennium would be ushered in and the world have its thousand years of love and peace and plenty. And in Cromwell's wars too, there were vast numbers of dreamers who actually imagined that they had conquered a millennium and that they by slaying their fellow creatures would now become the true saints of the new dispensation and be entitled to the loftiest seats in the synagogue and the best places at the tables of the Lord. Nor is this expectation of a glorious peace to come upon the world confined to Christian nations. All peoples have had it, and it is natural that it should be so, for man is not now and never has been in sympathy with the warlike schemes of his rulers. He follows spear in hand, uttering the war cry of his chieftain, but his thoughts are with his wife and children, his heart is by his fireside. Even the three Sibylline Books bought by King Tarquin after their author had destroyed six others, contain a promise that wars shall come to an end and that the world will be inhabited by peaceful nations occupied in tilling the soil; that eternal spring and eternal sunshine will delight the people, for whose enjoyment the wells will run honey and wine. Here we see the ingrained hatred of war; here we listen to the longing cries for Peace, Sweet Peace on Earth, centuries before the coming of the Saviour! Does it not prove that war is not natural to us, that our soft hands, with their thin and harmless nails were not intended to be used for killing purposes, but for sowing and planting, for gathering and storing away the fruits and grains so that when the snows fall and the rude blasts blow, we may have a bright, warm and comfortable fireside to sit down by? We think it does.



PEACE AND QUIET OF A COUNTRY HOME.

But dear readers, we do not need to enlist in order to find fighting to do. We may often enjoy a scrimmage without stepping outside of our front doors. Or, a man by staying out too late may upon reaching home find windows and doors barred against him and much to his surprise discover that there is an assault to be made in order to effect an entrance, that he must become an attacking party, that he even may stand in need of a scaling ladder! As he advances to the attack the voice of the enemy may reach him demanding a parley and it is barely possible that if he accepts the terms offered and gives solemn promises for future good behavior, he may gain admittance without a battle. It all depends upon the strength and character of the enemy holding the fort and upon the causes she had for going to war. We regret to say and we say it with a cheek mantled with the blush of shame that there is sometimes bloodshed in these battles. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. We rejoice to be able to state that these engagements rarely result in any broken limbs or serious wounds, although they may be quite animated for a few moments. For the most part they are wordy contests, bitter and acrimonious, but generally ending in peace and reconciliation, with renewed vows on both sides to try and get along better in the future. When two people agree in all earnestness and solemnity to take each other "for better or worse" they should make up their minds that while they may have but one heart and one soul between them, yet they have two wills, two tempers and two tongues. A man in driving a lazy horse, in milking an unruly cow, in urging a stubborn hen into her coop or in resisting the attacks of an infuriated mother goose will display a fund of gentleness, patience and forbearance that would have delighted Job's heart; but the moment he enters the house and begins to deal with human creatures, his soul is full of fight, and his heart flows over with the spirit of contention. Nothing pleases him, the baby is too noisy, the fire is too hot, the tea is too sweet, and the butter doesn't seem to be willing to spread itself over his slice of bread and save him the trouble. He is in for a fight and so much does he feel like kicking something that the dog and cat instinctively withdraw to a safe distance. If this man had been Secretary of State it's very possible that that little speck of a war cloud might have grown to be as big as your hand. Why is he so pugnacious? Would it not have been better if he had left a little of his fight out in the barn? Why is it that men can be sweet and amiable all day long while at their offices or with their business friends, but the very moment they cross their own doorsills they ruffle up their feathers, raise the bristles on their backs, show their teeth or in some way or other proclaim themselves ready for a fight? It is very strange. Wouldn't it be well to make the people at the office bear at least one half of their bad temper? Possibly the family might then be able to bear the other half with a little better grace. Suppose we try it this coming month. There is no time like the present to turn over a new leaf. Good resolutions spoil very quickly if you hang them up to dry.

But all men are not as we have painted them here. Many of them are sweet-tempered and sunny in their dispositions. They do you good to meet them and you go away with a feeling of thankfulness, just as you do towards a cool spring which has slaked your thirst on a hot day. We sometimes get an idea into our head that women don't always appreciate such a man; in fact we are bold enough to say that we know they don't. A woman's logic never gets any higher than her heart. She thinks that a husband should be good, kind and provident because he promised to be so. She never stops to think of the weakness of the flesh, the power of temptation, the strength of mind necessary to resist evil, and many and many a poor man toils year in and year out without ever receiving a smile of encouragement, a caress of thankfulness, a sweet word of gratitude. Why shouldn't he toil and slave and rack his brain? It's his duty, and yet that same woman will shower caresses on one of her children when he brings a good report home from school, although it is his duty to be studious and to strive for promotion. Men love commendation just as strongly as women do flattery. A friend of ours was once asked why he was always making his wife presents. "Because," said he, "she has such a sweet way of thanking me; it is a dose of medicine for a sick soul! When things look blue, most men plunge into dissipation to drown their sorrows. I carry my wife home a little present and the cure is instantaneous!" We've just been hunting in the editorial grab bag for a scrap bearing on the question of Household Warfare, and this comes to light: "Husband," said a certain wife to her liege lord as he rose from the breakfast table, "you must be home by five this evening, you must stop and order me some liniment, you must call and leave this parcel at mother's, you must have the wagon mended before Sunday, you must pay my dentist's bill, you must not wear that coat again until I have mended it, you must give your sister Susan to understand that she can insult me, you must not go to the lodge this week, you must let me

have ten dollars by to-morrow night sure!" "My dear," groaned the good man of the house, "you are the mustiest woman I ever met!" "Husbands, wives! keep the domestic sky free from 'war clouds.' Dissipate them with the sunshine of forbearance and content, lest they grow larger and blacker before you are aware of it. Don't harden your hearts over trifles. Give in! Don't begin the day with a declaration of war, don't lapse into a state of armed neutrality, don't keep up hostilities, foolish wives! Stand on the porch at sunset when the good man comes and wave your handkerchief to him as a flag of truce—a sign that the little spite of the morning hasn't lain and rankled all day. Foolish husbands, when the standard of revolt is set up, don't ride rough-shod over the erring hearts! Inquire into the complaint and remove the cause if it exist. Your mother was patient with you, be patient with your children. Your father was patient with his wife, be patient with yours and when you issue your ultimatum, don't let it, as Secretary Blaine's did, exact an apology, for apologies are humiliating, but it may insist upon a salute and let that salute be a kiss!"

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is now about four years since the death of one who was probably the greatest preacher the pulpit has yet produced and whose fame as an orator entitles him to rank with the greatest names in history. A few reminiscences therefore from one who was frequently in his church and who had the honor of his personal acquaintance may not be without interest. His church in Brooklyn is a plain, old-fashioned building known the whole world over and its name Plymouth Church is singularly consistent with the character of the great preacher who made it famous. It is doubtful if ever a building contained such a curious conglomeration of humanity as congregated every Sunday to hear the Great Commoner preach. Seats were reserved for the regular pew holders and visitors were formed in a line that stretched two deep on both sides of the entrance for a distance of more than a block. On special occasions when Beecher was expected to touch on some great questions of the day the crowd was even larger and hundreds were unable to obtain admission and the aisles would be filled with people glad to stand during the service.

Five minutes before the service strangers were admitted and pew holders not in their seats were obliged to take their chances. The regular morning service was attended by an audience of between two and three thousand, though it has contained many more. Not an available inch was lost. Folded chairs

were attached to each side of the pews down the aisles so that when all were seated it was a matter of extreme difficulty to force a passage out. Few cared to leave in the middle of a sermon but it was almost a daily occurrence for women to become faint. Disturbance from this cause was so common in Plymouth church as to excite but little comment. Beyond the momentary commotion no one appeared to notice it.

The later pictures of Beecher are the best and no man in this country was so widely known. He was a favorite subject for the cartoonist as well as the photographer. I have seen the well known features in every conceivable place. In the homes of the rich and of the poor. In the camp of the miner and the rude hut of the frontiersman. In the coal mines of Pennsylvania and the logging camps of the Northwest. Everywhere the people seemed to know and love the kindly face with its heavy head of whitened hair and its laughing blue eyes. Beecher was a man of enormous physical strength and wore a cape coat that added to his massiveness. He invariably wore a soft slouch hat with a very wide brim and his large fine face made him a remarkable figure anywhere. I have seen him pass through the cabin of the ferry-boats that ply between New York and Brooklyn and take his stand on the outer deck with the wind and snow beating down upon him till he appeared a veritable Chris Cringle. The illustrations used in his sermons were always drawn from common subjects and all of his similes were the result of his own personal observations. He engaged the deck hands, teamsters and policemen in conversation and had a speaking acquaintance with all the car conductors he ever met. Once or twice, in order to preach in Brooklyn and Peekskill the same Sunday where the regiment of which he was chaplain went for summer drill, he would be taken on a special train consisting of a locomotive only. He would chat with the engineer and fireman and they afterwards declared that he was the best possible passenger they could have wished. Beecher was essentially a man of the people. He imbibed his views from them and always went to the fountain head for them.

But to return to a Sunday morning in Plymouth church. The first words of the preacher were generally lost in the rustle and flutter of people "getting comfortable." When the words were repeated it was the announcement of some old familiar hymn. The singing in Plymouth church was something long to be remembered. A mixed choir of some two hundred voices led the singing and a splendid quartet rendered the special anthem. Warren was tenor, Clementine Laza, soprano, Brown, bass and Kitty Cavanaugh contralto. When the anthem was finished Beecher would rise and say something like this: I want you to sing "Love divine all love excelling." He wouldn't give the number of the hymn or the page, it was one of his favorites and everybody knew it. "You have often sung it for me," he would add, "but this morning I want you to put your whole heart and



BIRTH PLACE OF BEECHER.

your whole soul into it. For twenty years that sweet tune has been one of the pillars of Plymouth church and this morning we have with us the author of this hymn and I want him to know how we love it." And then what a hymn went up! You know nothing of congregational singing if you have never heard Beecher's congregation singing one of their old favorites.

This was one of the features in Beecher's church that always lent additional interest to the service. If he referred to some great event in the public mind he was always able to say, "So and so is with us this morning and in his fight for the right I want him to know that Plymouth church is with him, or 'the author of that bill in Congress is in our house to-day,' and so it went, always something new, something interesting.

He was always averse to reading public notices from the pulpit and only consented on a few rare occasions. When he did it invariably ensured success to the undertaking. I remember one occasion when he took up a paper and prefaced his remarks with the statement that he departed from his usual custom this morning because the cause warranted the exception. "This time," he said, "it is the children; I am asked to give notice that the Orphans' Asylum in Brooklyn is approaching the holiday season and they want all the help they can get." And then followed a plea for helpless children that left us all in tears. "I think," he added on the spur of the moment, "we will take up a collection for the children. We don't usually do this but I guess we will make an exception this time." There were only two collections a year taken up in Plymouth church, and then only for a charitable purpose. But Beecher reserved the right to take one up whenever a great calamity like the Brooklyn Theatre fire or anything else warranted. On this morning he announced a few words of thanks that the collection netted about ten thousand dollars. His was the most persuasive eloquence I ever heard and when he appealed for his

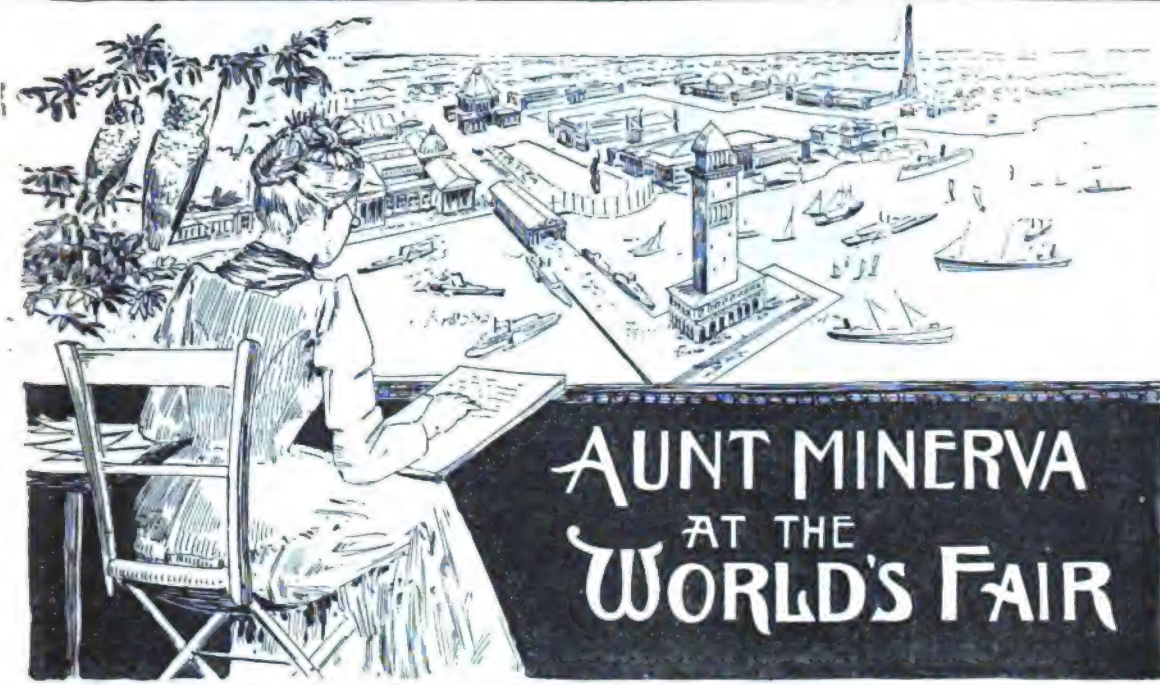
pet favorites the children the effect was simply irresistible.

When the great preacher faced the great throng every movement was stilled and that sea of faces became immovable. Then the sermon commenced. No pen can adequately describe the varying emotions produced at will by this remarkable man. Laughter followed tears and logic followed fancy in startling rapidity. But it was when he touched on some secular question that his power was greatest for Beecher at all times preached a practical sermon. On the morning that the Chinese Bill was passed prohibiting the landing of Chinese on our shores the scene in Plymouth church beggared description. Beecher was thoroughly aroused and anathematized the men who had signed such a cowardly bill. His words roused his hearers to a feeling of intense excitement and at length a faint murmur of applause broke the quietness of the Sabbath morning. The next sentence provoked still louder demonstration and the preacher stopped. "Remember if you please that you are in the house of God and that I cannot permit any such display of feeling." But he had the people thoroughly aroused and the next sentence, "God will write down 'Ass' against the name of every man who signed the bill," created a perfect furor of applause and he was powerless to quell the tumult. Stormy scenes have frequently been witnessed in Plymouth church and no one knew better than Beecher that when the audience got beyond control the best thing to do was to let them have their way.

It is doubtful if ever a successor to Henry Ward Beecher will appear. Men like him come centuries apart when they come at all. His matchless voice, his unflinching humor, his exquisite tenderness, all combined to make him a figure in the history of men. He suffered much from calumny and some think it would have been better for his fame had he died twenty years ago. Posterity however will right all these things and Henry Ward Beecher will be accorded his true position. HENDRIK HUDSON.



BEECHER'S BROOKLYN HOME.



AUNT MINERVA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:

In the heading of my column this month, I behold myself in anticipation at the World's Fair. Seated comfortably on a balcony overlooking the magnificent array of buildings, the owls perched beside me. I seem to be writing a description of the scene for the next COMFORT, and the pile of letters beside me indicates that my voluminous correspondence will follow me wherever I may go.

But pleasant though this picture may be, a very different scene rises to my mind when I think of the World's Fair. In delightful anticipation I fancy myself at a Reunion of the cousins. We meet, we clasp each other's hands, we see the faces of those about whom we have formed many conjectures; and gathering into pleasant and congenial parties, we visit the great Exposition together. All our old friends will be there, Percy De Vere, Wisconsin Wild Bill, Kansas Sunflower, Sadie, D.G. B., Sunny Churchill, Pedagogue, Mocking Bird, Dixie, Kansas Red Bird, Star of the South, and scores of others; how we shall enjoy grasping each one by the hand! Uncle Josephus, too, we shall hope to see, and our kind Editor, as well as Oldcastle, Busy Bee, and the rest of the celebrities.

Now cousins, it only remains for us to make this vision a reality, and it is not too early to begin to make our plans. Let each niece or nephew who is really intending to go to the World's Fair, inform me as soon as possible; and also I would like the address of any cousins now living in Chicago; I have that of Mrs. Kupferle and one or two others. Then I will appoint committees to make all arrangements, and we will consult together about the best time for meeting. Of course we want to have a monster banquet to wind up the proceedings, with speeches, tracts, etc.; and a badge must be chosen which can be worn by all, so that we shall easily recognize one another. Let us make our Reunion one of the biggest things of that big Exposition, and thus spread the fame of COMFORT and our beloved Chat Corner over all the world. Many have already signified their approbation of this plan, and now is the time to begin saving up our pennies making up our minds that we will go, for it will be the opportunity of a life-time.

I get so enthusiastic over this subject that I could talk all day; but that would be hardly fair, not to give any one else a chance to say anything. I believe we have reports from the *Temperance Union* and *Shut-In Medical Bureau* this month.

"The members of the COMFORT Temperance Union are requested to send a letter to me on March 15, 1892, in which they will vote for President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and also make any suggestions they may have to offer concerning the Union, the manner of conducting it, etc."

Wm. J. Te SELLER, Box 330, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

I hope to see the COMFORT Temperance Union largely represented at our Reunion, and shall look for their badges, and those of the Essay Club. All these organizations should be more generally supported by the cousins. Meganesean tells me that he has been obliged to disband the History Club for lack of interest among the young people, something which I was very sorry to hear.

Dear Aunt Minerva and Cousins—Thinking you might be interested in the COMFORT "Shut-In" Society Medical Bureau, I resolved to make out a report of our work during 1891 and send it to COMFORT for publication. In this way our work may become known to many and increase. We elected our officers some time in July and since then have been doing our best to make a success of our work. We have but few members at present. Seven members. I do not consider them members until I have received their dues. Quite a few write me saying they would like to join, etc., but they never send their dues or write again. Will the cousins who write to me upon this subject please enclose a two-cent stamp for a reply? They would oblige me greatly would they do so.

REPORT FOR 1891.
July—Election of Officers. Members four. Am't in Treasury \$2.50.
Dec—Seven members. Am't in Treasury \$5.00.
Now cousins let us endeavor to make a success of our work.
GRACE M. HOUGHTON, 135 Broadway, Waukesha, Wis.

After these reports, why not hear some of the cousins tell about their homes, etc.? We learn so much about our beautiful country in that way. I am sure that I have found out more about the land I live in, since I began to have charge of this column than I could have by studying geography for fifty years, and in a much more interesting way; not by swallowing columns of dry facts, but from these bright, living letters.

"If space would permit I would like to describe our beautiful little town, and the enticing scenes around it; but will only say that it's a R.R. junction situated 20 miles west of Waco, in central Texas, out on the high, blackland prairie. In any direction from this place that the eye may look, the vision has nothing to check its admiring flight, save an occasional meandering brook, the immediate banks of which are only shaded with groves of green foliage, till it reaches the horizon far away. Over this vast, green meadow, which is dotted with patches of beautiful wild flowers in spring, and sometimes nearly all winter, can now be seen the broad cotton fields, as white as the driven snow. In these fields the robust and the handsome young men go forth basking in the balmy breeze, gathering in or picking this 'snow-white' fleece. Ah, too, my cousins, in these fields can be seen hundreds of damsels as beautiful and pure as Ruth ever was, gleaning for their parents or lords. Picking the soft, snowy fleece is considered one of the nicest and easiest outdoor exercises ever performed by the tender hand of the fair sex. The Bonzes from the cities and towns go out across these meadows and choose their wives from the gleaners in the white harvest fields. The trouble in this beautiful, wide and free country, is that there are more seekers after these beautiful gleaners for wives, than there are gleaners to be found. It is perhaps not known by every one that the male sex is largely in the majority in this State. Many of the mothers who bless and brighten our Texas homes to-day, were chosen from the far off eastern, north and north-eastern States. Among the many other good subjects discussed in our chats with Aunt Minerva, I will suggest this very important one: The ties that bind the east, the west, the north and south together. I enjoy reading the cousins' letters, all of which are full of interesting and instructive reading. It is a pleasure for me to write, and if any of the cousins wish to know more about Texas or its inhabitants I will cheerfully give the information. Your cousin,
Geo. M. T. FOWLER, McGregor, Texas."

What a Paradise for old maids that State must be! Some enterprising person ought to start a crusade of single women and lead them to Texas, for they are

certainly needed there. Man without the refining influence of woman, misses half of life.
Here is still another letter from that same Lone Star State.

"Texas is the most westerly of the Southern States, and extends farther south than any State in the Union, excepting Florida. Its coast is fringed by a series of long, narrow islands and peninsulas. The surface of Texas ascends gradually from the sea marshes of the Sabine and the sand dunes of the islands, to the plateau of the Llano Estacado, 4,500 feet above the sea. The climate is healthful, and though warm enough for the production of some tropical fruits, is less enervating than that of any of the other gulf States. Three valuable coal fields exist in Texas, and are worked more extensively each year; silver is also mined to a limited extent west of the Pecos river, and in Mason and Llano counties, while limestone for building purposes and sand stone for grind stones, are quarried near the center of the State. Rock salt is found in the Red River valley, and salt mines exist in many localities.

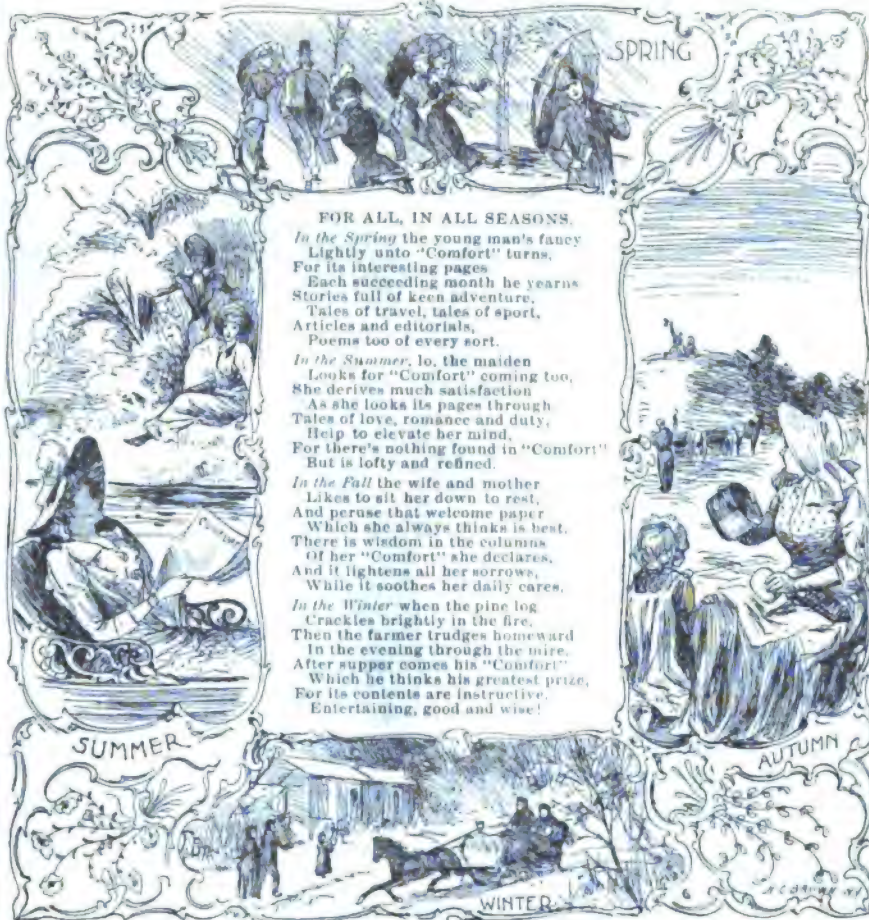
The forest region of Texas covers a broad area, extending west from the Red and Sabine rivers, and tapering to a point at the Rio river. In the south-east of this region between Trinity and Sabine rivers, are immense and valuable forests of southern pine with cypress and magnolia along the streams; to the northward and north-westward, the short leaf pine and white oak are the predominating trees; over the balance of the timbered region, black, post, red and black jack oak, hickory and some pine are found. The streams of the State are usually fringed with timber, sycamore, cedar, cottonwood, pecan, maple, hackberry and walnut, with magnolia and cypress in the south, while the mesquite is plentiful on the dry

look on Mr. De Vere's proposition with favor, as to meeting at the World's Fair and giving a grand supper.
DELL AND BELL.

"I am a Colo. ranchman and hunter. Some of the cousins may not know what a ranchman is. Just a little longer name for a farmer. The Colo. people say that the reason they changed the name, was because it rained for a farmer, and they had to make it rain by irrigating. This is the land of sunshine; in 1889 there were 34 days that the sun shone. I agree with Primrose about the society in this country, for a good many of the young men drink and gamble. There are 3 open saloons in Delta; that is a temptation for young men. I do not drink or gamble; my motto is shun bad company. Correspondents solicited.
WILLIAM A. HOLLCRAFT,
Delta, Delta Co., Colo."

"I live in Burlington, Ia., a city which is built on four hills. East of the city is the Mississippi river. The river is very low now and the large boats have to be careful so they won't run aground. In the spring the river gets very high and floods all the low lands. There are a good many hunting and fishing grounds on the east side of the river. The scenery is very beautiful and picturesque when you are over there and look across at the city. We have a good many places to spend our afternoons in the summer. We have the Black Hawk Springs, Indian Springs, Cascades and Starr's Cave, which has never been explored to the end. Your nephew,
CHAS. F. FLAD."

"We live near the line of Tuscaloosa Co., in the north of Hale Co., Ala. All around us the people make fine crops of cotton, corn, oats, potatoes, peanuts, melons, hay of a variety of grasses, and millet.



FOR ALL, IN ALL SEASONS.

In the Spring the young man's fancy

Lightly unto "Comfort" turns.

For its interesting pages

Each succeeding month he yearns

Stories full of keen adventure,

Tales of travel, tales of sport,

Articles and editorials,

Poems too of every sort.

In the Summer, lo, the maiden

Looks for "Comfort" coming too,

She derives much satisfaction

As she looks its pages through

Tales of love, romance and duty,

Help to elevate her mind.

For there's nothing found in "Comfort"

But is lofty and refined.

In the Fall the wife and mother

Likes to sit her down to rest,

And peruse that welcome paper

Which she always thinks is best.

There is wisdom in the columns

Of her "Comfort" she declares,

And it lightens all her sorrows,

While it soothes her daily cares.

In the Winter when the pine log

Crackles brightly in the fire,

Then the farmer trudges homeward

In the evening through the mire,

After supper comes his "Comfort"

Which he thinks his greatest prize,

For its contents are instructive,

Entertaining, good and wise!

plains, and the white cedar, juniper and mountain cypress in the mountains of the west. The prairies of southern and western Texas bear a luxuriant growth of natural grasses, the sedge grass in the south and mesquite grass in the west, which afford nutritious pasturage over nine months in the year to the immense herds of cattle and sheep for which Texas is noted. The railroad system of the State embraces over 6,000 miles of track and is being rapidly extended to meet the demands of trade. The capitol at Austin, is a building of which Texans are justly proud. It is built of granite, is 560 feet long, and 288 feet broad; the dome rises majestically to a height of 311 feet. It is not only second in size to the capitol at Washington, but is the seventh largest building in the world. The capitol is heated by steam lighted by electricity, and provided with every modern convenience.

"I am a school teacher and live on a beautiful prairie in southern Wisconsin. This romantic spot is called Big Foot, on account of having been the rendezvous of an Indian chief bearing that name. The prairie is skirted on the northeast by the Woods and hills of Lake Geneva, at whose head Big Foot is said to have been buried, or rather suspended among the treetops. A beautiful park now occupies the place, and the children of the campers whoop and hallo throughout the woods, little thinking of their strange predecessors of half a century ago, whose wild whoop would put their puny cry in insignificance. Within a few years Lake Geneva has become a popular summer resort, being well known throughout the West. I drive 4 miles across the prairie to my school, where I am greeted by the ruddy faces of 40 children; and who could wish for a more forcible inspiration to work? For the purpose of gaining and giving information, I should be much pleased to correspond with some of the Southern cousins.
AMES PIERCE, Big Foot, Ill."

Dear Auntie and Cousins—May we enter your

In fact, you can raise almost anything. Fruits abundant—peaches, pears, apples, plums—black and dew berries grow wild in great quantities. Fruit is scarce this year on account of the late frost last spring. A delightful resort for invalids in winter. I hope if there is anyone who sees this who lives in those pinching cold climates, so subject to 'cold waves' or 'blizzards', and wants to come South to farm they will find a way to do so through this letter. Ora Jones, would like to hear from you, as I would like a correspondent from your town. Frank Beverly, come again. I would like Wisconsin Wild Bill to tell why he is so cynical. It is so sad to hear a boy or man talk such unnatural things. Many good wishes for COMFORT and her corps of Editors.

MAY WARDS, Carthage, Ala."

If the cousins will drop me a card I will explain how I have passed the winter pleasantly and profitably.

WILLEY WILLIS, Box 132, Augusta, Maine.
Dear Auntie—My article in December COMFORT seems to have called forth more interest than I supposed it would. I judge this from the number of letters coming to me, so as some fail to send stamps for reply, yet ask questions enough to occupy my pen for half a day in answering them. I take this method of satisfying the curiosity of all. I will "tell you the story of their first being discovered" or at least as it was reported in one of our county papers. Two foreigners came into the county and stopped at a village on Sugar river. Daytimes they absented themselves, no one knew or cared where. But finally one or both drank too freely and became intoxicated. While drunk, the men disclosed the fact that they had been "pearling" in Sugar river for several weeks, and found their labor abundantly rewarded. Well, Green Co. went wild for a time, and the banks of the river were thronged for a long distance. Some were successful in finding pearls, while the majority were not, not because the pearls were not there and are there still, but because few have leisure to devote to

the business, and the many are careless in looking for the pearls after the shells are opened, and nine out of ten get tired looking and so give it up. There are different ways of fishing for the shells; the better way however is to go in a boat upon the water and with rakes, having upon their backs a basket-shaped wire attachment, rake the shells out of the mud (for they bury themselves in the mud.) As the shells are gathered they are dropped into the boat. Sometimes they are opened there, and after being searched for pearls, are again given back to the river's embrace. Sometimes they are taken on shore and opened, and upon the shore many bushels of shells are strewn. After a time people along the Pecatonica river began to fish for pearls there and it has proven quite as rich in pearls as has Sugar river. I saw on the last named river's bank another contrivance for gathering shells. It was made to be drawn by horses. It was a circle of wood, larger than a wagon wheel, and another piece was fastened at a proper distance inside of the larger circle. Then cultivator teeth were fastened to the lower side and half way around it, 13 to 16 in number, and wires were woven in a net-work between the cultivator teeth, and fastened to the circle and the half circle above. A tongue was added and a team attached and driven into the river where it was shallow, and the shells raked on shore. Others wade in and reach down after the shells. Some boys go in the river barefoot and pick up shells with their toes. I heard one man say that he saw 76 boys and girls in the river at once, each carrying a sack into which they dropped the shells as fast as gathered. The manner of hunting for the pearls is this. Open the shell and lay it flat on your left hand, and with the right thumb feel carefully along between the mantle and the shell. If pearls lie hidden there, you can soon find them. That is where pearls of great value are found. Then there are tiny hinge pearls. These are found by sight, and not by touch. They occur at the hinge area and are the size of those tiny ones which one sees set in clusters or circles. I saw the man referred to above, take as many as a dozen from the hinge of one shell. Now about the shells, "What kinds are inhabited by pearls?" Well, all kinds of bivalve mollusks found here I think, and all sizes except the young and tender shells. Those have no pearls. They are too busy secreting material for their shells, to stop long enough to make pearls, as you know pearls, even the richest ones, are but tiny grains of sand which irritated the shell's inhabitant to such a degree, that it covered it with pearl to make it smooth and harmless. "What shape are our river shells?" They vary in shape, and in color internally. They are bivalves, that is have two shells, nearly or quite alike. Some are clam shaped, others similarly shaped but the beak or umbo is at one corner, and the internal hinges very heavy. There are several varieties of this kind, some being plain externally while others are ornamented with a variety of pearly patterns. Some are white, flesh, lined most of this variety are, but I have one in my cabinet that is deep purple. Other shells are oblong, rough or smooth externally and internally white, pink or purple. Others are broad and flat, some having the "hinge line prolonged obliquely upward, forming almost a right triangle above the oval part of the shell," similar to those called by scientists *Anodonta Californiensis*, but called "plate shells" or "elephant ears" by pearl hunters. Now if I have not told you all you care to hear let me know please, and I will try to inform you if I can. I am as ever your invalid sister,
Box 93, Monroe, Wis.

Now for a social chat about "A Little of everything and not much of anything."

"I have been a sub. to COMFORT nearly two years, and mean to take it next year. I enjoy the whole paper, but your column the best of all. I felt like clapping my hands when I read the essay on novel reading by Luna May; she said just what I was wishing to say, but could not find the words to express my thoughts. I always feel sorry for those who are asking help, but as I am poor myself, I cannot help them, but they all have my sympathy. An old aunt of mine used to say that 'sorrow without help was like pudding without salt,' and I suppose that according to that, my sympathy will not go down well. To make the hair smooth and glossy, wash in elder-blow tea once a week and comb at least three times a day. This will also keep the hair from turning gray.
AUNT MARY."

I don't know about that, Aunt Mary; it seems to me that sympathy is often acceptable, though unaccompanied by any material aid. For myself, if I were poor and suffering, I would rather have the sympathy of a kind heart who had nothing else to give, than the richest gift flung to me in so-called "charity" by some unfeeling person.

"I live in the country, about 7 miles from the thriving town of Punkataway. It has a population of over 3,000 inhabitants, located in one of the best coal mining districts in the State, and is surrounded by 3 mining towns, from which coal is shipped daily in large quantities to all parts. It has 2 railroads, and glass works and others. The town is also well supplied with water and natural gas, both conducted by pipe lines; it also has an electric light plant by which the town is beautifully lit up at night. After reading many of the cousins' letters, I learn that a good number of them are engaged as Christian workers, which certainly is encouraging. 'Tis very true that there are not enough engaged in the good work of serving the dear Master. I for my part can say that I am an unworthy Sabbath-school superintendent, I need the prayers and sympathy of you all. We have a good Sabbath-school with some very good workers. I hope and trust that all the dear COMFORT readers are laboring for some good cause.
Your unworthy nephew,
G. W. CARY,
Locust Lane, Pa."

"I see by my July No. of COMFORT that 2 or 3 of the cousins have a great deal to say on the subject of novel reading. I have read a great many novels and I am not ashamed to own up to it. Many a night after working hard all day, I have sat down and enjoyed reading works of fiction. Aunt Minerva, which would you rather see a boy do, (who lives in a town or city) go down town and stay until 11 or 12 o'clock among a crowd of bad boys that are almost always found on the streets, or listening to the vulgar language of some wicked and sinful man; or to see him sit down at home with parents, sisters and brothers around him and read a novel like 'Moss Side' by Marion Harland, 'Scrouge and Marley' by Charles Dickens, or 'Viola' by Emerson Brunett? I am quite sure you would rather see him do the latter. I quite agree with Mocking Bird when she says that she does not believe any one could read certain novels without deriving lasting benefit from them. Will some one interested in shorthand writing write to me?
JOHN HALEY, Livonia, N. Dak."

Quite right, my nephews! A boy who likes to stay at home and read good, pure stories, will not be often found on the street-corners. It is the books which he is ashamed to read in the company of his parents and sisters, the low novels and story papers which he sneaks away into his own room, which lend him on to destruction. This subject seems to be one on which there is always something more to say. Here is a niece with a few words also.

"I never read a good novel in my life but what it showed some fault of a person and caused me to see it and quit. I never read one without it making me feel as if I ought to be better. I think we ought to compromise the question by agreeing that novel reading is bad when the books are bad, and it does good when good books are read. I believe Dickens' books have done half the reforming of English prisons, etc., by his portraying the evil of them.

Now girls, that are raking the boys so. Don't you believe the girls are somewhat responsible for their drinking, using tobacco, etc.? If the ladies would not accept a gentleman's company who had such habits, some of them would quit. As long as girls are silly, boys will be bad (as they call it.) What boy would resist the temptation of flirting with a girl, when she tempts him? I think girls ought to be the bright, pure guardians to lead them aright. Auntie, don't you think a man will always respect a true lady? Lots of times a man would not do things if he knew they were unpleasant to a lady. I think profane language ranks with whiskey and tobacco. Don't imagine I am in love, for I'm not, only I have lots of true, noble friends, and I like to see the good side 'Evil to him that evil thinketh.' If ever I marry, expect to go to my husband pure, and unspiced by flirting with Tom, Dick and Harry.
MAY QUEEN."

Yes, a true gentleman will always respect a lady, thoroughly agree with you in your opinion concerning the influence of girls over the young men. Girls who "just love the smell of a good cigar," and "don't like a fellow to be too good," are the ones who lead men to ruin. And there are far too many such girls in the world to-day.

"I have been much interested in the letters of our department, especially those describing the wor

done by the C. B. I hope we will have others in the near future, telling of the good work in other places. If any of the readers of COMFORT have read 'Chrissy's Dream' by Pansy, I would like for them to tell me through the COMFORT how they liked it. I would advise all the young folks to read Pansy's books. You will find them as interesting as Dickens' works, and far more helpful, at least they were to me. I would like to see some account of the Chautauqua summer gatherings. I don't belong to any of the classes, but there are surely some of the readers that do, and I would like to hear something about them. We country people, if we are too busy to attend such places, can enjoy reading of the work that others are doing. It makes small duties seem less irksome to have something grand to meditate upon. Many thanks to you Auntie for good suggestions. I think the COMFORT improves with every No. I have one request, if any of the cousins were born Aug. 23, 1869, I would like to correspond with them, as that is my age.

ANNIE HOPKINS, Alice, Texas Co., Mo.

I, for one, have read 'Chrissy's Endeavor,' and enjoyed it; but I liked even better the sequel, 'Her Associate Members.'

"Every time I read the cousins' letters, I almost feel as if I knew you and would like to call you each by name and extend greetings. Maria Johnson, I admire your spirit, and you have the full measure of my sympathy. Southern Girl, I admire your letters very much. Write often. One so gifted as yourself cannot be hid under a bushel. As to my idea of who is happiest, I would say, 'He who trusts God most fully, and trusting, follows Him to crucifixion if need be.' I cannot agree with you, Moon of Leaves, in regard to the Indian question. I was born on the border of the Indian Territory, and had an Indian squaw for a nurse, and Indian papposes for comrades. From my wild prairie home I was transplanted to the narrower limits of this State. That was years ago, yet in my heart I pine for my wild, western free life and the comrades of my youth. And suppose the women at Wounded Knee did fight, was it not for their rights? Did not they once possess the whole land of America, and had to give land after land to encroaching whites? And now begrudged the small space allotted them by the generous (?) whites! Had you, Moon of Leaves, been raised by and among the same noble red men you revile, you would have seen the many noble traits of a now almost extinct people. Would like to correspond with Moon of Leaves and Southern Girl, who will find my address with Aunt Minerva. I also am a member of the Essay Club.

APACHE."

The following letter treats of a subject to which I have given much thought, and the writer's views coincide with my own. I would like to hear from others in the same line.

"Our chats grow pleasanter as the months roll around. The discussions are very interesting. I agree with Southern Girl in what she says in reply to Jeanie's question, 'Who are the happiest?' In the same letter she speaks beautifully of the Blue and the Gray. She makes me wonder, as I have so often wondered, how any one can make so fair and attractive a picture of such a horrible thing as war. I can not believe, as so many good people do that wars are right in the sight of God. What would you think of a man who kills his neighbor and takes his farm, expecting God's blessing and the praise of his fellowmen for what he has done? It is the same with the monarch who sends out his soldiers to conquer his neighbor, counting not the thousands of lives lost in the attempt to gratify his miserable pride, his longing for renown, for possession. Yet the former will be despised, condemned, and punished, while the latter will be honored as the greatest of men. It has been thought that wars would in time be made impossible, but they are only shorter. The dread of them is greater than ever. War as well as peace has its source in the bosom of man, and there will be wars until the thoughts of men are peaceful.

What shall we do? give up teaching history that glorifies bloody wars? and teach instead a history of the people that makes the thousandfold victories of daily life to the great thing that has kept up and elevated the social condition of man. Some one who ought to know has said that if only the twentieth part of the time, energy and science that is given to war and preparations for it, were devoted to implanting thoughts of peace in the souls of the children, this small part would gain more victories than all the grand military powers ever can. If all the evils of war were visible before us there would soon be an end to it. But as we are brought up we do not usually see them. They are hidden by a veil of inspiring patriotic poetry. War is a monster who devours whatever comes within his reach, life, health, home, morals, happiness, prosperity—all that a man holds dearest on earth. Can you defend the monster, my patriotic cousins? What do you say, fair girls whose eyes are dazzled by the gay uniforms? Think seriously, and please let us know the result of your thinking.

ERNESTINE SCHAEFER, Juneau, Wis."

"I am indeed glad that Auntie does not sympathize with the professional women. Women pride themselves on their new independence, and boast how many of the opposite sex's occupations are now open to them, without reflecting upon the condition of those they have driven out, or the reflex consequences upon themselves. For surely marriage and motherhood are woman's divinely appointed lot, and the instinct which led the sex to accept them is not yet obliterated by education. Will it ever be? no, I think not. If we had more good housewives that were experienced cooks, there would be less cause for divorces. What refined lady would want to become a lawyer? 'tis bad enough, I should think, to have to go to court, but to have to plead a case (no difference what kind or how revolting) I think it should be left for the sterner sex, and not a lady. I would say to Indignant Girl, that I think a Kansas Red Bird knew just what he was talking about. 'Tis bad, I know, but only too true. You ask, how do I know? by hearing a conversation carried on between two ladies, (ladies I said, that is what they seem to be and that is what they would be called); but it is hard to tell what kind of a person it takes to be a lady. I should say to the girls it is safest to be women and not ladies. Let us hear from Wisconsin Wild Bill again and a Kansas Red Bird. Adieu to Auntie and cousins.

ADAM'S WIFE.

The name lady has been so abused that most members of our sex prefer to be called women. We hear now of 'sales ladies' and 'store ladies' and 'wash ladies'; and the small boy tells us that 'a drunken lady in a wheelbarrow' is the cause of the excitement just round the corner. I'm with you in regard to women as lawyers, Adam's Wife; but blessed be the women doctors!

"I am a farmer's boy residing on the edge of the great Lake Kenka Grape region. Lake Kenka is a magnificent body of water 22 miles in length and varying from 1-2 to 1 mile in width, the shores of which are thickly dotted with cottages and tents of sojourners from all over the country. It is the most frequented summer resort in this part of the country. Hammondspoint is at the head of the lake with one standard gauge railway and Penn Yan at the foot has 2 railways, therefore Lake Kenka is easily accessible from all quarters. At the head of the lake lies Pleasant Valley, nearly all of which is now devoted to grape culture. In the valley and along the lake are situated numerous wine-cellars in which are employed many people, and of course such an industry does much good in a certain way. But the evil arising from wine drinking far outweighs it. The Koran says, 'There is a devil in every berry of the grape,' so we must admit that wine is but a higher development of the species. O if I had the power to blot the liquor curse from the face of the earth, how gladly would I strike the blow! But it is far beyond my power.

Your nephew, D. LITTLE.

Hammondspoint, Steuben Co., N. Y."

"I do not know if I will be welcome, for I am no longer young. I will have to come as uncle, if at all. I want to tell you how I became acquainted with many of you and your whereabouts. Months ago a sample copy of your paper came to my address, I glanced it over and put it by, then another came, and by this time I got thoroughly interested, and truly I take so much comfort in reading it, that I shall subscribe for it without delay. I feel a deep interest for the young people, and their letters have a peculiar charm for me, coming as they do from all parts of the Union and if you will give me a place in your hand, I will try and interest you. I observe that many of the dear cousins profess openly to love and serve the Lord Christ. This fact brings them close to my heart, for I am trying hard to be one of God's children. I live apart from the world, am consecrated wholly to His service. Did you ever hear of the Shakers? Well, I profess to be one of that sect. We have many young people of both sexes living with us, and they love this pure, holy way of living, and I think they are much better off than they would otherwise be. If any of the

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dear cousins wish for other information than what I write, they can obtain my address from Aunt Minerva, and I will gladly, freely give as I have received. I want to express my loving sympathy for the poor 'Shut-ins.' I often feel to thank our Father in Heaven that I am able to work with my hands. It is sweet comfort to work in His service and for our fellowman. I can do much where I am for my people. Were I differently situated I think it would be my first work to care for the sick and the poor invalid 'Shut In.' I find the two words in the Bible in connection with the people who went into the ark. 'And the Lord shut him in,' Gen. 7-16. God has perhaps shut some of these dear cousins in for some good purpose. I want them to feel that His ways are always right. And love is o'er them all, though far above their sight, for their special comfort please read Deut. 33-27. With kindest wishes for all I am your loving friend,

SHAKER."

Thank you for your kind words. I will use the money you sent as best I can, for the purpose you intended.

"I would like to tell the cousins how I spent Christmas, our Saviour's birthday. We all (this includes myself, 2 sisters, father, mother and 20 more or less aunts, uncles and cousins) assembled at grandma's and grandpa's at about 10 o'clock A.M. The aunts worked industriously at the dinner, and the savor of roast goose and mince pie reached us cousins in the big chamber which rang with shouts of boisterous mirth as we played games, too numerous for mention, old and young engaging in them with right royal heartiness. The younger ones screamed with laughter to see their graver uncles whirling round like mad in 'coach' or diving wildly about in 'blindman's buff.' At the height of the merriment, dinner was announced, and falling gravely into couples we marched into the dining-room, and did full justice to all the eatables. The afternoon went off much as the forenoon had done. At last, as the lamps were lighted, we all settled around the snapping wood fire and told preposterous stories, while one cousin, whom experience had taught us to keep employed, industriously popped corn and dispensed apples. Suddenly the door opened and papa and an uncle entered saying, 'Bundle up here, big and little, and hurrah! for a sleigh ride.' We older ones helped the little ones, and soon all stood on the steps piling into the big sleigh. The robes and blankets finally being carefully adjusted, papa chirruped to the horses; they sprang forward, and one promising cousin, who had insisted on sitting on the end-board, made a glittering gallop, somewhat bringing up in the soft snow. Papa pulled up the horses, uncle had him in the sleigh again in a twinkling, and off we dashed. The sky was like a deep vault studded with millions of twinkling stars that looked hard and cold. Over the frozen snow we sped, merry laughter and jests following our wake. At last we entered the woodland. Was it the silver light beaming through the green cedars, casting weird, fantastic shadows over the gleaming snow, that caused a thoughtful silence to fall over the group? Every one was still. The bells rang out painfully sharp; but one evil cousin, who would not be impressed by Gabriel should have blown at the instant, sprang suddenly erect and, seizing a low branch of a thick-foliated hemlock, gave it a sharp tweak and it instantly showered its heavy burden of snow over the thoughtful upturned faces. The fun broke out afresh, and long before we were ready for it, the sleigh stopped suddenly at the steps; in fact it stopped so suddenly that a cousin who had been indulging in a 'highland-flog' near the end, made a startling move on his hands and knees toward the rest of us. After this the big sleigh took us to our respective homes, and the jolly day was ended. I think our column is getting rather solemn, don't you? I am glad Wm. Wild Bill has 'spoke a piece' in defense at last. Now I'll let some of the others 'speak.' So good-bye, LES CHURCHMAN."

Is the column getting solemn? Well, your bright letters are just what is needed to cheer it up, so let us have plenty of them, Les Churchman!

I would remind you all once more that letters written on both sides of the paper, or with a lead pencil, will go straight to the waste-basket. Please do not send subscriptions to me, as they are liable to be very much delayed, and cause both you and myself much trouble and inconvenience. Members of the Essay Club, where are you? I have received but very few replies, I hope to hear from the committee before another month. The result of the last competition cannot be announced until the May or June papers. With kindest wishes,

AUNT MINERVA, (Care of COMFORT.)

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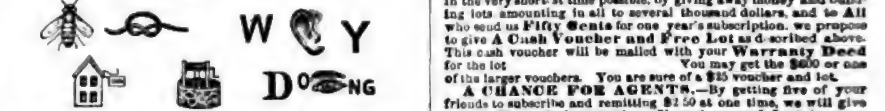
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Retails all grades of WALL PAPER of the newest designs and latest colorings in small quantities; many patterns cheaper than your home dealer can buy them.

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AND OTHER VALUABLE PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY TO THOSE WHO GUESS THIS REBUS.

THE SWOT IN THE

The above Rebus is an OLD SAYING, familiar to every one. **WHAT IS IT?** We will give to the first person from whom we receive the correct answer before April 30th, 1892, a \$100.00 IN GOLD. To the second, \$50.00; to the next five persons a Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 yards in Black, Blue, Green, Brown or Fancy. To the next 10 a Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring, and to the next 15 sending in the correct answer, \$25.00 each. To the person from whom we receive the last correct answer, we will give \$100.00 in Gold; to the next to the last \$50; the next 5, a Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 yards in one of the above colors. To the next 10 a Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring, and to the next 15 (should there be so many sending in correct answers) \$25.00 to each. We prepay all shipping charges on presents, and send in accordance with this offer on the same day the answer is received. All answers must be sent by mail and received by us not later than April 30th. With your answer send us 25c in silver or 60c in postage. Send to: DR. HOBBS' LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS.

TAKEAPILL. Remember, the presents are absolutely GIVEN AWAY to introduce and advertise Dr. Hobbs' Celebrated Pills. As to our reliability you can write to any bank or business house in Chicago. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Pills sent to any address by mail. AGENTS WANTED. Immediately after April 30th a printed list giving the names and addresses of the successful contestants will be mailed to each person who has sent in an answer. Address: HOBBS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. Dearborn and Harrison Streets, Chicago, Ill. When our readers answer the above advertisement please mention COMFORT.

BUSY BEES WITH THREAD AND NEEDLE.



Whew! how the wind blows. I fear we shall not have much of a session to-day, Queen Bee, for no one will have courage to venture out in such a gale. I am sorry, for I wanted to tell them—but here they come now! Run quickly, Cousin Drone, and unfasten the hive door. (I keep it bolted because it blows open.) Come in, come in, every one! You have some rosy cheeks, sister Bees; it must be that Jack Frost is abroad in this March wind. Just take off your wraps, and gather around the open fire, while I get another stick of wood to start up the blaze. I am glad to see so many of you were not afraid of the blustering weather.

But we must not waste our precious time. Who speaks first? Nellie, you have the floor.

"Let me tell you how to make a pretty

SHELF LAMBREQUIN.

If you have a rough, uncouth shelf in your kitchen, first cover the top with some dark smooth cloth. Then take a stripe of dark but bright Canton flannel about 8 inches wide (more or less according to width and length of shelf) and long enough to reach across the front and ends of the shelf. Baste a pretty contrasting stripe of cretonne through the center, and stitch it on with the machine. Hem the lower edge and finish with as pretty a worsted fringe as you can afford. Tack it to your shelf with brass headed tacks and you have a convenient receptacle for lamps, books or vases of flowers.

"Did you know that the two pine cones, one bronzed in gold and the other in copper color, and tied with a bow of ribbon, make a beautiful ornament? And another thing I want to mention, coffee grounds make a good filling for a pin-cushion. Put them in a bag and hang behind the stove till dry. They do not rust the needles."

"I want to tell the sisters," says Mollie Murphy, "that Mrs. Hooper is not the only housekeeper that uses napkins made of flour sacks. We use them and think them a great deal better than none at all. We also make summer undershirts for the boys, and one of our neighbors makes drawers for her little girl of them. They also make very good linings. For a

NEWSPAPER RACK

gild a stick of wood and hang with a pretty cord or ribbon tied in a bow at each end. Hang your papers over it. Twenty-four inches long and one inch square is a good size for the stick. To make a pretty

BANNER

for the children's room, get a yard of Turkey red calico, make a half inch hem on each side and a wider one at top and bottom. Cut out bright pictures from advertisement cards and paste on the calico. Run a rod through the hem at top and bottom and hang with a ribbon or cord. I make cord and tassel of red carpet warpings."

M. A. Martin of Greenville, R. I., is going to tell us how to make a

DAISY TIDY.

Cut out of stiff white material 41 pieces. Cover them with serpentine braid, beginning on the outer edge and sewing each point down until near the center. Make a tuft of yellow worsted and fasten in the center of each. Make four squares of nine each, catching lightly one or two points of each daisy. Make a cross of two pieces of red ribbon, each piece two inches wide and three inches long. Hem the ends to a point. Fasten a daisy on each point of ribbon and one in the center. Now fasten one of the squares of nine daisies in each of the corners, which will make the tidy nearly square, though each point of ribbon should extend out a little further than the daisies. This makes a lovely tidy. And something pretty for your wall is a

SICKLE.

Take a piece of pasteboard and cut the shape of a sickle, then wrap silver tinsel all around, beginning at the point and ending at the handle. The latter must be covered with plush.



"ROMAN STRIPE" NEAPOLITAN CAP.

The colors of yarn may be varied to please the taste, but a very good model was knitted of light blue, dark (navy) blue, yellow and scarlet, about one ounce of each.

Begin at the band with casting on 200 stitches, with red yarn, using rather fine needles. It is difficult to give the exact size as some work much more loosely or tightly than other knitters. The colored stripes are knitted back and forth in the following proportion: 50 rows of red, 30 of navy-blue, 2 of yellow, 2 of navy-blue, 1 of red, 2 of yellow, 2 of light-blue, 2 of navy-blue, 4 light-blue, 2 yellow, 2 light-blue, 2 navy-blue, 6 yellow, 2 red, 2 light-blue, 2 red, 2 navy-blue, 6 yellow, 6 navy-blue, 2 red, 2 navy-blue, 6 light-blue, 2 navy-blue, 2 yellow, 2 navy-blue, 10 red, 2 navy-blue, 2 yellow, 30 navy-blue, 30 red; repeat from *.

This should complete a piece 12 and 3-4 inches

deep, and 14 and 1-4 inches wide. Cast off loosely, sew the side edges together, matching the stripes as perfectly as possible, gather the upper or cast-off edge twice, the second run being made 3-4 of an inch from the edge, and finish with a pompon or tassel.

"Easter is coming before long," exclaims Teddie DeBoos from her corner, "and here is a very pretty and inexpensive way to color Easter eggs for the little folks. Wet the outside onion skins in cold water and cover the eggs with them. Wrap them in cotton batting. Now an old piece of calico over the whole, and tie firmly with strong thread. Now dip the whole in cold water again and lay in hot ashes to roast, which will require about half an hour or so. Please try a few and you will be surprised at the effect."

Here is a new-comer, Mrs. M. E. M. of Texas, and she has ever so many new and pretty things to tell us about. Please take a front seat and "speak up loud."

A PAPER WEIGHT

and thermometer stand combined. Procure a toy flatiron of large size, cut a piece of plush enough larger than the base to allow of its being glued up neatly around the edge, gild the top and handle, around which tie a ribbon matching the plush in color, fasten a tiny thermometer at a careless angle upon the plush covered bottom. A pretty

HOLDER FOR BURNT MATCHES

is made thus: Take a tin box and cover with blue plush, then fasten on fine gilt cord in the shape of a coarse spider's web that will reach nearly across the plush. On the upper corners put bows of pale pink ribbon. It should be placed on an easel, or if preferred a loop may be fastened at the back for hanging. A pretty and novel

PINCUSHION.

may be made of six squares of brocade, plush or any handsome material. Fold each square cornerways to make a triangle, and sew each triangle up separately and fill with bran. Now join all together along one of the short sides so that the other short side forms the part they stand on and the long sides slope gradually away from the top. Put a bow of ribbon at the top where the triangles meet, and a silk ball at the other end of each part. This forms a star raised in the center.

A convenient little article is a

THREAD AND NEEDLE CASE

intended to be hung on the wall. The foundation of the case is made of two strips of satin ribbon four inches wide and eighteen inches long. Seam these together and edge all around with a gilt cord. Make three pockets of the ribbon, five inches deep, and fasten them to the foundation. Sew a knotted fringe of silk to the bottom and finish with bows of ribbon at the upper corners, leaving a loop to hang by.

AN ODD PINCUSHION

is made from a short-handled wooden spoon. Paint the spoon white with gilt lines, and finish with a delicate spray of forget-me-nots on the handle. Glue a cushion of pale blue plush into the bowl of the spoon, finishing with a full ruching of narrow blue ribbon. A bow of ribbon is also tied on the handle for hanging. A small silk handkerchief makes a pretty

CARD BAG.

Gather it with narrow ribbons, leaving quite a frill at the top to fall over, and finish with a row of small silk tassels on the lower edge. A large silk handkerchief makes a pretty work bag. Gather it so that the four corners will be left to fall over, edge with a frill of lace if desired. It may be spread out perfectly flat upon the lap when one is at work.

Now if the Bees will allow me, I would like to tell them of some lovely pillows which I saw last month at a sale. There were all kinds and varieties, from the straw porch pillow to the daintiest of eider down puff. The porch and hammock pillows, whose use every one who lives out-of-door at all in the summer will appreciate, were filled with straw or cheap curled hair; some had coverings of blue denim, worked with a few groups of large rings or other simple design, others of brown linen similarly decorated; a large one of striped awning cloth had a durable as well as a cheerful appearance. They were of varied shapes, large and small, square and oblong, but nearly all had a loop on one corner for convenience in handling. (Just run upstairs and fasten that shutter that I hear banging, will you, Cousin Drone? the wind has blown it loose.)

A beautiful baby pillow was of pale blue silk, in oblong shape. Around it, covering to within two inches or so of the ends, was a strip of fine white linen, embroidered in blue forget-me-nots; and this strip was laced over the ends of the pillow with narrow blue ribbons. It was an exquisite thing, and was very quickly sold to a proud young mother.

The regular sofa-pillows, of which Fashion now demands that we shall have a score, more or less, were mostly of the beautiful figured China silks, and varied in size from 12 in. square to 20 in. A very large one of pale green silk had a ruffle 3 inches wide all around it, made double. Another of dull blue and pink brocade satin was edged by a puff about 3 in. wide; in sewing this on, one edge was pulled before the other, so as to produce a pretty twisted effect. A pillow covered with yellow figured silk, had a pale pink puff. Two small ones were of white silk figured with most natural sprays of clover, a "four-leaf" showing now and then for luck.

The most durable and serviceable pillow of the lot had a cover of white linen embroidered in scattering yellow daisies, hemstitched about two inches from the edge all around, and was fastened together by buttons and button-holes, that it might be easily removed for the laundry. It was very pretty and unique.

For pillows just to put behind one's back when sitting on a divan, or for porch and hammock pillows, torn letter paper makes an excellent filling. Tear it in long strips, as fine as possible, and it will curl like shavings. Newspapers are sometimes used, but the odor of the

ink is very objectionable, and the paper quickly becomes flattened down into a hard mass. What, all starting to go? Well, it does look like a "squall," so I will not urge you to stay. Let's have a full attendance next time. Good-bye!

Address all letters for this department to Busy Bee, care of COMFORT Pub. Co. Contributions solicited. I cannot answer letters privately, or give addresses, under any circumstances. BUSY BEE.

Employment and Money for the Industrious.

Dear Readers:—This is a free country, poor men get rich and rich men fail, crops are good and money is plenty if you only know how to get it. I made \$19 last week plating watches and tableware. This week I will do better and sell two platers besides with \$10 profit. My wife is doing nearly as much. H. F. Delno & Co., of Columbus, Ohio, furnish a fine outfit for \$5; circulars free. I wish every industrious person had one. A READER.

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or commission, to handle the new Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. The quickest and great at selling novelty ever produced. Erases ink thoroughly in two seconds. No abrasion of paper. Works like magic. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. One Agent's sales amounted to \$620 in six days. Another \$32 in two hours. Previous experience not necessary. For terms and full particulars, address, The Monroe Eraser Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. X 87.

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If any reader of this advertisement has a small picture, tintype or photo of some loved one, we will enlarge it for framing, absolutely free of cost. We have invented a new way of enlarging pictures by the aid of electricity and make this offer simply to introduce specimens of our work everywhere. We can make any change in style of dress that may be desired, and guarantee satisfaction. Pictures, otherwise worthless, will be sold at 10 cents this offer. If you have any valued picture let us make you, free of cost, a large copy that will be cherished. **AGENTS**, send us your own picture and get sample portrait free for canvassing. Send picture by mail being careful to write name and address on back of same. Small pictures returned unharmed. Send at once on this offer with no return to be repeated. **WORLD PHOTO CO., 132 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.** Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Cousin Hebe's Reflections.

"A lie," says an old proverb, "travels so fast that it can never be overtaken." The following is a case in point:

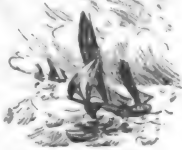


A SEA FEE.

A certain physician in New England had acquired an enviable reputation for making his bills as large as possible. "Why," said one man to another, speaking of the doctor, "he brought my daughter up from her attack of pneumonia when two other physicians said that there was no hope for her; but when she was quite well again, he charged me for three calls he made to inquire in a friendly way how she was getting on." "That seems a little forced," admitted the other man; "but it's nothing to an experience I had with him at the seashore. We happened to be in bathing at the same time one day, and I swam up to him and inquired for his wife. 'She is very well,' said the doctor. 'And your daughters?' I asked. 'They're perfectly well, both of them,' replied he, rather shortly, I thought. So I said: 'I'm delighted to hear it; remember me to them,' and swam away. And who do you think I received from him a week or two later? An itemized bill—one item: To consultation at sea, five dollars." Although no one has ever seen that bill, the story clings to the doctor's name to this day, after the lapse of many years.

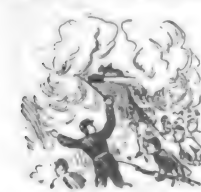
The eccentricities of some people frequently merit and receive thorough punishment.

In a Maine town, near the sea-coast, was one of many communities where the men were, so to speak, a cross between farmers and sailors and where, as a natural consequence, the cultivation of the soil was somewhat neglected. The minister of a neighboring town exchanged with the minister of this community, and, as a drought was upon them, the people sent him a request that he would pray for rain. This he did, as follows: "O Lord, thy servant is asked by this people to pray for rain, and he does so. But thou knowest, O Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin'."



NO RAIN WANTED.

Gen. Nat. Forrest, who commanded the Confederates when Fort Pillow was captured, and was responsible for the massacre, was a good fighter, and shrewd, but very illiterate. His report of the capture of Fort Pillow contained this account of his success: "We busted the fort at nine o'clock and scattered the niggers. The men are still a cillanem in the woods." "Ninerlock" is understood easily, but an educated man might have some difficulty in translating "cillanem" into "killing them;" but that is what the mysterious word means. Less famous than Gen. Forrest, but quite as sententious, was Gen. Patrick Connor, who commanded the Union forces during the war.



READY FOR A BATTLE.

In February, 1863, his forces encamped near Salt Lake City, after a long and hard campaign against the Indians. Brigham Young, then Governor of Utah as well as President of the Mormon Church, promptly sent a Bishop to him to say that the Government had accepted a township (thirty-six square miles) from occupation by any Federal troops, that his presence was not desired by the Governor, and that he must retire at once. Gen. Connor heard the Bishop to the end and then made this answer, his native brogue coming to the front as he became excited. He began very gently: "Bishop, will ye tell Mr. Young that we've marched many a long mile, and that we're tired. We find good campin' ground here—well drained an' wathered, an' we're comfortable where we are, an' we don't want to retire unless we have to. An' tell Mr. Young that if we do retire 'twill be to the front—down into Salt Lake City, wid our gun in the main streets an' my headquarters in the President's house. That's all, Bishop." And Fort Douglas stands where Gen. Connor placed it.



ST. PATRICK DRIVING THE SNAKES FROM IRELAND.

One of the reminders of St. Patrick's Day is the legend of all the snakes being driven from Irish soil by the holy St. Patrick and it is even believed by many to-day that snakes cannot thrive there, although it is said an Englishman named Drummond carried some there and they lived and grew in spite of priestly dictation.



THE CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 87 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Beanpoles. BUTTON BUSTERS! Do you like fun? They are Rippers 15 cts. GRAY LOW, Augusta, Maine.

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For 30 days

livery to you. You buy the frame where you choose.

NATURE'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
FREE ON TRIAL.

The WONDERFUL KOLA PLANT (HIMALAYA), discovered by African Explorers on the Congo River, West Africa, is NATURE'S SURE CURE for ASTHMA. No Pay until Cured, and Positive Cures Guaranteed. Importing Office, No. 1164 Broadway, New York. For Book and Large FREE Trial Case, sent by Mail, address, Central Office Kola Importing Co., No. 132 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

See New York World and Philadelphia Press, May 18 and 19, 1899; also Christian Observer and Medical Journal, April 9, 1899. The Christian Evangelist, May 30, 1899, says editorially: "The Kola Plant is a gift direct of God, to sufferers from Asthma, and His blessing will rest upon Stanley and associates, explorers of the Dark Continent. It is an unfailing cure for Asthma." Remember, No Pay Until Cured.



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THE "BUSY BEE" WASHER

Guaranteed to run easier and do better work than any other in the world. No rubbing necessary. We challenge a trial with any other machine. Warranted for five years and money refunded if not satisfied. Fits any tub. Saves time, money and clothes. Just the machine for ladies who are not very strong. Thousands of ladies who used to hire their washing done, now save that expense by using the "BUSY BEE" WASHER. Save your strength, health, time, clothes and money by investing only \$2 in this machine. Don't keep the Washer unless it saves you. We are responsible and mean just what we say. We invite you to investigate thoroughly before risking a cent. We will forfeit \$100 to anyone who will prove that we ever refused the full amount to a dissatisfied purchaser.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. Exclusive territory. Many Lady Agents are very successful. Farmers and their wives make \$200 to \$400 during winter. One farmer in Missouri sold 600. Price \$5. Sample (full size) to those desiring an agency, only \$2. Also celebrated PENN WRINGERS and other useful household articles at lowest wholesale price. We refer to our P.M. Mayor, Art. Am. Ex. Co., or editor of this paper. Write for catalogue and terms to Agents. LAKE ERIE MFG. CO., 145 East 13th St., ERIE, PA.

\$5,000. IN GOLD FOR AN ANSWER.
WHO IS OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

This enormous political contest has been inaugurated by the publishers of *The American Nation*. \$5,000 in Gold besides 10,000 other valuable presents will be distributed to subscribers. You can get \$1,000, in Gold, if you send the first vote. Every subscriber is entitled to vote as often as they please. Every copy of *The American Nation* contains one voting blank. Positively no sample copies whatever are sent out, the paper being mailed only to subscribers. The full conditions governing this political contest are also printed in every edition of the paper. *The American Nation* is a monthly publication, devoted to literature, art, romance, and all the pertinent topics of the day. It contains the story by the greatest writers of the day. The best illustrations that money can buy; household hints; table talks; sporting column; farm news; in fact, everything that you would naturally expect to find in a first class magazine. A special feature of the paper is: No continued stories. Every number complete in itself. Here is a list of presents to be distributed:

\$1,000 in Gold for the 1st vote received.	\$ 200 in Gold for the next vote received.
\$1,000 " " " " " " " "	\$ 100 " " " " " " " "
\$ 500 " " " " " " " "	\$ 50 " " " " " " " "
\$ 400 " " " " " " " "	\$ 25 " " " " " " " "
\$ 300 " " " " " " " "	\$ 10 " " " " " " " "

MAKING A TOTAL OF \$5,000 IN GOLD, 10,000 other valuable presents if that many votes are received, so that no one who votes will go without a valuable present.

CONDITIONS. The conditions of this contest are very simple. It is open to every subscriber of *The American Nation*. We send out no sample copies whatever, as every copy contains the voting blank. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year. Every subscriber can cut out the voting coupon in each paper, and vote as often as they choose. Every vote will be registered and numbered as received, and the rewards will be paid in full, without deduction to the successful voters.

SPECIAL OFFER. Any one who will send us 50 cents (postal note, silver, or postage stamps, before June 1st, 1902 (the date on which the contest closes) will receive *The American Nation* for six months, the regular price being \$1.00. You can vote as often as you please. You may win \$5,000 in Gold. You stand a splendid chance for \$1,000 in Gold. At any rate, you are bound to get a valuable present, besides receiving a \$1.00 publication for 50 cents. Our commercial and financial standing assures the honesty and equities of the contest. Send today. **SUBSCRIBE NOW, AND BE THE FIRST VOTER.** Address, **THE AMERICAN NATION, P. O. Box 1720, Boston, Mass.**

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN YOU WRITE



LOVELY FACES, WHITE HANDS.
Nothing will WHITEN and CLEAR the skin so quickly as **Derma-Royale**. The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, black-heads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated cases and thoroughly clears and whitens the complexion. It has never failed—it CANNOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

\$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars cash, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, black-heads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations, (excepting birth-marks, scars, and those of a scrofulous nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or for any complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be), that the use of Derma-Royale will not clear, whiten, improve and beautify.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles. Price, \$2.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

FREE BOTTLES TO PROVE ITS MERITS.

To advertise and quickly introduce Derma-Royale, 5,000 full size \$2.00 bottles have been provided for free distribution, one of which will be sent, safely packed in patent wooden box, (securely sealed from observation), safe delivery guaranteed, to anyone sending us their post-office address and **ONE DOLLAR** to help pay for this advertisement, boxing and other expenses, and who after having been benefited, will mention Derma-Royale to their acquaintances. Send money by registered letter or money order to insure its safe delivery. Postage stamps received as cash. Correspondence sacredly private. Address

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What will save my way from Drink?

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MANAGERS WANTED Everywhere to take charge of circulars and employ help to sell goods. **WAGES \$50 t. \$125 PER MONTH.** Expenses advanced. State experience. Wages expected, also your preference for home work or traveling. **SLOAN & CO., Mfrs. 394 George St., Cincinnati, O.**

SHORT-HAND SELF TAUGHT Send for Catalog of Books and helps for self-instruction by **BENN PITMAN and JEROME B. HOWARD**, to THE PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, CINCINNATI, OHIO

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Our new patent Sales, sell at sight in city or country. New Agents first in field actually getting rich. One Agent in one day cleared \$86.80 can you? Catalogue free. **ALPINE SAFE CO., No. 333-371, Clark St., Cincinnati, O.**

McGINTY'S BABY. Is he Alive? Of course. It laughs, sings, and its cries are of a piercing character to nearly drive the old folks crazy. This lively Young One has strongest lungs on record, a jolly face and fat body. By slipping it under your coat on entering a room full of people, you create the biggest sort of a sensation. The baby will yell for all it is worth, amid the confusion and blushes of the ladies. McGinty's baby is very strong and very saucy. Just out. Sure to suit. Fun for everybody. A whole Circus for 12 Cents, 3 for 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address: **BOSTON NOVELTY CO., BOX 1540, BOSTON, MASS.**

\$5.97 BUYS THIS ELEGANT GOLD WATCH

Never advertised before and the biggest bargain ever offered for a fine gold plated hunting case stem wind and stem set watch. It is fitted with a very fine nickel movement, carefully inspected before shipping and warranted to reach you in perfect running order. Retail dealers ask \$16 to \$20 for watches not so good as this. It is equal in appearance to a \$50 solid gold watch. An agreement goes with each watch giving you privilege to return it within one year if not satisfied. We pay all express charges and send the watch for you to examine without paying a cent. If found satisfactory pay the agent \$5.97 otherwise it will be returned at our expense. **Bradford Co., 407 Monon Bldg. Chicago, Ill.**

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Cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you this beautiful Solid Gold plated watch, by express and if you do not find it equal to any watch retained at \$25.00 and worth 4 times the price we ask you need not pay one cent, otherwise pay the express agent \$6.00 and the watch is yours. The movement is a full jeweled Elgin style lever, expansion balance, quick train (18,000 beats) with oil tempered Pinion and Hair Spring. It is a durable and accurate time keeper. The case is made of composition metal over which is placed 2 plates solid 14k Gold. This watch is fully warranted 15 years. In carrying this watch you have the credit of owning a solid gold watch and for use is just as desirable. State which wanted Ladies or Gents size also your post and express office. If you send full amount (\$6.00) with order we will send by reg. mail and include a gold-plated chain which you may use nearly the price of watch. **KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 63 Fulton St., N. Y.**



GAVE UP ALL HOPE OF SAVING ANYTHING.

Fighting the Flames During a Raging Forest Fire.

Although many wonderful escapes have been experienced by people living on the prairies or near vast forests, yet there are new wonders being unfolded and hardships experienced nearly every day. Just at this time the greatest and most universal flame that has spread through the land taking away acres and thousands, and scorching and burning millions, has been that awful La Grippe, but while that has been doing its fearful work among all classes of people there have been many escapes from the plague by simply having a supply of the wonderful food for the Nerves, Oxien, on hand and taking enough to prevent La Grippe from gaining a foothold on the system; but the most marvelous results are



I TOOK THEM TO OUR CAVE.

experienced by people who have had to undergo any hardships whatever, or who have been run down from any cause. We print here a genuine letter lately received, showing what Oxien has done during the raging of a fire.

Gentlemen:—You should advertise your Oxien for the use of firemen and those in danger of asphyxiation. I would like to tell you what it did for me. On the 23d of last Sept. we were swept by the most terrible forest fire that I ever saw or heard of. The wind blew a terrific gale straight from a large pine slaking, and brought the heat and smoke directly upon us. It was so fearfully hot and the smoke from the pine tops was so dense and stifling that after fighting it away from our buildings for a couple of hours my wife and I were nearly exhausted and unable to



WE FOUGHT THE FIRE TWO DAYS.

stand, and we gave up all hope of saving anything, and so took our little ones (one of whom was sick in bed at the time) to an outdoor cellar or cave. I chanced to think of the Oxien, some of which I had in my pocket at the time, and we all took one for we were unable to breathe except by gasps. At once we felt better and walked back into the fire, and by taking liberally of Oxien for four days and nights worked like steam engines, without even time to rest except a drink of milk or piece of bread and butter. Oxien was worth a great many dollars to us, for several inhaled so much smoke and heat at the time, that they did not get over it for a month and were laid up, but Oxien seemed to invigorate the lungs and heart to such perfect action that the smoke did not have much impression on them. And the little ones did not seem to feel their long stay in the damp cave. I expected they would be sick, but they did not catch a particle of cold. Yours respectfully,

G. D. FARMER, Ironwood, Barron Co., Wis.
Oxien is truly the most wonderful food ever produced; it will prevent or relieve all manner of diseases, to prove it The Giant Oxie Co. will send free samples and further particulars to all who write to them at Augusta, Maine. The Oxien Electric Porous Plasters are also having a great pull. Our agents are making fortunes. Write for terms



WE ARE NOW ALL WELL AND HAPPY.

Young Folks' Department



MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

How many of you have been out in this March wind and got a freckle on your nose? All who have, say "Aye!" Oh, what a chorus! It almost deafened me. Now all stand up in a row, and I will put a little lemon-juice on every freckled nose. How many dozen lemons do you suppose it would take to do that? About as many as will be needed to make lemonade for the cousins' reunion at the World's Fair. How many of my young folks are going to be there? It will be for young and old, and I hope I shall see lots of merry faces of the boys and girls among the older and more sedate cousins.

Here I have such a nice letter from a wee little maiden, written all by herself.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I am a little girl 7 years old. We live in a little town called Sheyenne. It is a very small place. Papa owns a lot of the land around here. He keeps store and an elevator, and also farms. I have a pony and saddle. My pony is cream-colored, with a dark mane and tail.

FLOY RICHTER, Sheyenne, N. Dak.

I suppose your papa is very proud of his little daughter, Floy. I should like to see you riding on your pony. In the town where I live there is a pretty little "back pony" with shaggy mane and tail, and the children drive him in a dog-cart. I don't know whether they ever ride on his back or not.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I thought probably you would like to hear from a little girl 11 years old. I am fond of reading. I have been to school quite a while now, but my school closed yesterday; my teacher gave us all a bag of candy and an orange, her name is Elsie Rood; she lives in Norfolk and so do I. I live with my grandma. I hope the cousins all had a merry Christmas, I am sure I did. I had 8 presents. I read COMFORT and like it very much. I have a cat, it weighs 15-16 pounds.

ROSIE M. DRINKWATER, Norfolk, Conn.

Oh what a big cat, Rosie! I think you must feed him on oatmeal and milk, to make him so fat.

"I live in the country near the central part of Tennessee. I wish some of the poor 'Shut Ins' could enjoy the free country air and beautiful scenery that I do. I walk a mile to school, but it does not seem long at all, as it is a pleasant road all the way. I cross a creek which has a nice little foot bridge over it. We have a splendid school and nice schoolmates. I think COMFORT is a splendid paper. I forgot to tell you about our Literary and Debating Society. We have it every other Friday night, and I enjoy it very much and think the rest do. Will some of the cousins please write to me? I would like to correspond with any of them. Your affectionate niece,

ELLA STUBBLEFIELD, Viola, Warren Co., Tenn."

"Here comes a little Texas Dutchman knocking for admittance in your valuable paper. I have read so many letters from all parts of the United States, but a very few from Texas. Texas is generally considered a wild State, but I don't think so; the people are all friendly and neighborly to all. Well, there are good and bad people in all other States. Cotton and corn are the chief products of this State. I am living all alone with my parents on a very pretty farm 4 miles north of Giddings. We have 600 acres of good farming land and about 200 head of cattle, 9 horses and lots of fowls. You might think that I get lonesome sometimes. I do, though I have plenty of music. I have 4 different instruments which I play, also a pretty little music box. I should be pleased if some of the cousins in the far East could see our pretty flowers, they are truly beautiful.

OTTO H. FISHER, P. O. Box 75,

Giddings, Lee Co., Tex."

Dear Auntie:—May I be one of your nephews? I am 14 years old, but not too young to be a Christian. I have joined the church, and am trying to walk in the straight and narrow way. It is very hard, as there are a great many temptations which assail one who is trying to be a Christian. But if we look to God for aid and strength, we will surely conquer in the end. I commenced at the beginning of the year to read the Bible through, reading a chapter or more each day. Is not that a good idea? I think we all ought to study the Scriptures. We did have a good Temperance Lodge here for a while, but some of our members moved away, and we gave it up. With best wishes for all.

W. H. OWENS, McKinney, Ky.

Yes, it is an excellent idea for you to read the Bible through. If you could get a plan for Bible reading, arranged chronologically, it would be more interesting than taking it in course; but whatever way you try, stick to it.

Dear Auntie:—Will you let a Penna. boy join your merry band? I am 11 years old, and live in a remote corner of Penna. (A place the cousins never heard of, I suppose), where there is no school, Sabbath-school, or anything that a boy likes. So I take a good many papers. My 8 year old brother took COMFORT first, and he would not let sister or I read it, so to settle the matter, papa let me subscribe too. I like to read. I work some arithmetic examples too, but do not like to work examples as well as to read. I remain your loving nephew,

GUY MILLER,

Red Bank Furnace, Clarion Co., Pa."

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I live on a ranch at Battle Ground, near Caleb's Peak, where the Freighters had a hard fight with the Indians 13 years ago, and one man was killed whose name was Caleb. I live with my mother and 2 brothers, my father is dead. I have a pony, her name is Maud. I take a ride every day. I have 2 kittens, Roe and Roy, a dog named Cub and a canary bird named Joe. In winter the snow falls deep; I have a grand time snow-shoeing. I am 13 years old.

MAGGIE E. HASH, Houston, Idaho.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I wish to tell the cousins that I am very sorry that I could not possibly answer all of the letters sent me. I enjoyed them very much; they were quite interesting and instructive. Perhaps the cousins would like to know how the natives celebrate Christmas. Christmas eve they have a grand display of fireworks, and all through the night we hear rumbling of cannons. Next day everybody can light and shoot on the common until about 1 o'clock P.M., when the "law" (as they call it) is out. I spent Christmas at home. We had chicken pie and some good "New England" plum pudding and lots of other good things. I will tell you what I had for presents: a little clock, a writing desk, 7 handkerchiefs, a little box in the form of a book, I received a handsome card of scrap pictures from an uncle in Mass. I had plenty of candy, nuts, oranges and raisins. Roses were in bloom in our yard Christmas day. The thermometer registered at 64 degrees, only 10 degrees cooler than in midsummer. Good-bye dear Aunt and cousins.

Your niece, JENNIE A. MOWRY, Box 417, Ocala, Fla.

What a very curious way to celebrate Christmas! It seems more like Fourth of July. But then it is all strange down there in your Southern country, with flowers blooming and birds singing when we Northerners look for cold and snow. I do not believe it would ever seem like Christmas to me.

"I take COMFORT and I think it is an interesting paper for the boys and girls. I am a boy 16 years old. I live in Atlanta, Ga., a large city with 80,000 population. I am working at the printers trade and like it very much. Atlanta can boast of an electric street railway system, and waterworks, but the supply of the present waterworks being insufficient, the city is going to construct a new system to cost about two million dollars.

facturing concerns here. They are constructing a building called the Equitable Building, constructed of steel and brick, not a piece of timber will be used. It will be 9 stories high, which is higher than any building in this city.

SAMUEL A. WARE,

81-2 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga."

Dear Aunt Minerva:—Will you admit a Minnesota nephew into your band? I skated nearly all day and am a little tired. I agree with Vernie Le Dane. I think we should have as much room as the older folks because we can make it interesting for you all. We have a debating society and it is well patronized in our country school. Our last subject was "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in participation." I wish some of the cousins could be here and hear us. It seems to me that the chats of the big folks are pretty much one sided arguments. Sometimes there are two sides, then it is interesting. I belong to the children, and maybe I should not try to poke my nose in, but I can't help it. I sympathize with the "Shut Ins" for I have been one myself, but if we judge by John Taylor's letter we are to look on the dark side of it, or in other words not enjoy life in health because some are unhealthy. I say "make hay while the sun shines." He talked about girls marrying boys that take a social glass once in a while and promise to leave off for her sake; if they don't keep their promise they don't think much of the girl, or else their promise is not worth much anyway. I think I have said enough for a kid, so I'll beg pardon of Mr. Taylor contradicting him; but I would give the same advice as he did. I'm for temperance, but I wanted to show that there is a dog's side to every story. I hope all the boys and girls will write to me.

Your nephew,

GEORGE B. HOFFMANN,

Oronoco, Olmsted Co., Minn.

You have just as good a right to your opinion as the older folks, George; so speak right up!

"I will tell you something about this place. The valley here is very wide, the upper Delaware having nowhere such an extent of fertile plain. Cochection village is neat and cozy with an air of pastoral ease about it that at once attracts visitors. The name Cochection is a modern rendering of the Indian name Cushtunk. All this region was explored by the whites as early as 1687. In that year Governor Douglass desired authority from the board of New York to erect a campaign fort on the Delaware in 41° 40', the present site of Cochection, to protect the beaver trade of the country and protect the beaver hunters from the hostility of the French. It was from this point also that the possessions of William Penn extended westward to the Susquehanna. The great river flat of Cochection was once the site of an important Indian village, to which trails led from all parts of the country; here the savages from a wide area of country met to observe their ancient customs. Here they 'burnt the white dog,' held their green corn dances, performed marriage ceremonies, and played their favorite games. Here (according to tradition) lived the great Indian Sachem Tamandoc or Tamany, and the flats are yet known as St. Tamany's. The settlers of Cochection dwelt for years among scenes of blood, but left a fair heritage to their posterity. The entire country does not possess a spot abounding in so many and such interesting legends as this garden spot of the Delaware. One of America's greatest romancers, J. Fenimore Cooper, enriched many of his works by scenes drawn from this locality. The scenery is fine, the surroundings healthful; there are several fine lakes among the mountains and many small streams. There is before you the beautiful country up and down the river, the rolling land to the westward, with many high mountain peaks looking down into the fertile valleys and intervening stretches of woods and farms. The distant mountains of Sullivan Co. bound the river on the east. With best regards to the owls and all the cousins. I remain your affectionate niece,

EMMA M. HARTMANN,

Box 61, Cochection, Sullivan Co., N. Y."

If we are to have such interesting letters as some which appear this month, I am sure that the Editor will soon be glad to give the young folks more space. I am thinking over some plans for our future meetings together, and hope before long to find an idea which will delight you all.

Your affectionate,

AUNT MINERVA, (Care of COMFORT.)

MAGIC LANTERN EXHIBITIONS

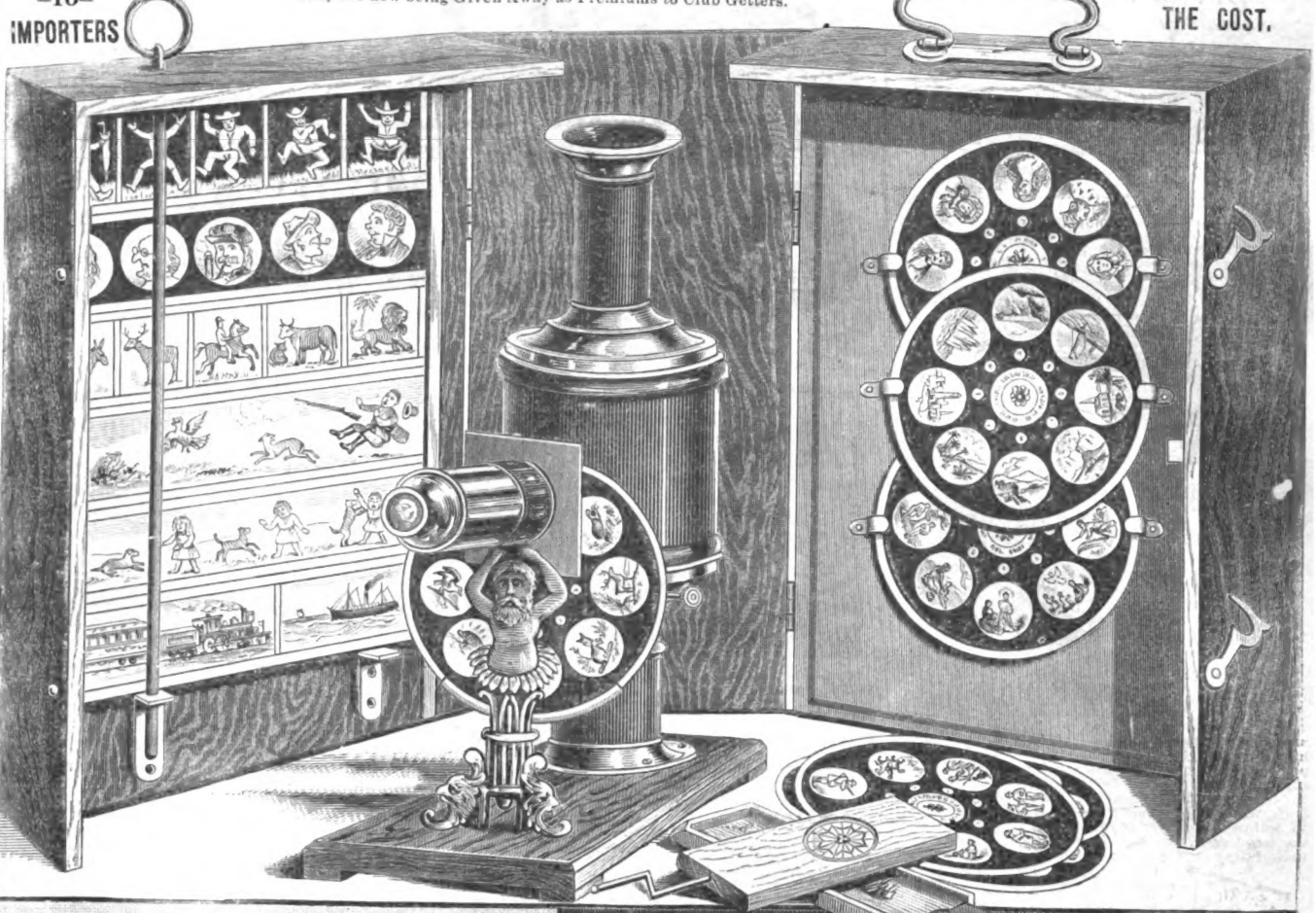
have always furnished a world of fascination to old and young and any Boy or Girl who has been able to buy one of the old style common Magic Lanterns have derived an endless amount of enjoyment, instruction and profit from its use. We show in our engraving a full view of a New invention, it is called the Stereo Magic Lantern and possesses great power and variety of adjustment and views. These Lanterns were invented in Berlin and a large lot sent to this country presumably in time for Holiday trade last Dec., but steamer meeting with an accident became overdue and the whole lot was sold at a sacrifice at less than half cost. These Lanterns are fully represented here just as they come packed in the cabinet, having handle and everything convenient for carrying about. It stands 15 inches high and when open spreads over two feet wide. The shown on right and left sides, there are also slip slides and changeable color revolving pictures same as shown laying near Lantern, in fact the whole outfit would cost \$25.00 a few years ago. We now offer it all for \$10.00 each. You can sell it for \$5.00 or \$10.00 next fall. We only being able to dispose of them at this low rate on account of the remarkable combination of circumstances which gave us the chance of buying in the spring instead of last fall when we should have had to pay a great price.

GREAT LOSS

—TO—

IMPORTERS

Caused by delay in arrival of an Ocean Steamer, turned to COMFORT's gain in securing a thousand of these New Style Elegant STEREO MAGIC LANTERNS at LESS THAN HALF THE COST.



BED TIME STORIES TOLD BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

The subject of the Civil War was inadvertently introduced in a mixed company of Northern and Southern gentlemen, the other day, and unintentionally the discussion became warm. "Well, we licked you rebs, anyhow," said one of the Northerners. "Yes," replied the Southerner, blandly, "you did; but from the number of applicants for pensions I should judge we crippled every blamed one of you."



The supreme court of Massachusetts once decided that the use of the word "damn" is not profanity. There is a story in the "Tribune" about a Connecticut clergyman who, in a sermon upon profanity, said the word "damn" might be rightfully used by respectable people as an emphatic expression. The next day he changed his mind on the subject when he met one of the feminine members of his flock, who saluted him thus: "Good morning, Mr. That was a damn good sermon of yours yesterday!"



In the churches for colored people, in some parts of the South, when a collection is to be taken, the box, instead of being passed from pew to pew, is deposited upon a table in front of the pulpit, and the brethren and sisters are exhorted to come forward and put their contributions into it. A writer in the "Christian Union" says: "I had slipped into a back seat of a large African church, at Columbia, S. C., one Sunday evening, and was watching the taking of the offering, when one of the deacons, with that tact which belongs to almost all the colored race, came and offered to carry up for me



any contribution which I cared to make. I handed him a twenty-five cent piece, and, with imitable composure, he marched down the long aisle, carrying the beggarly coin so that everybody could see it. Suddenly he turned on his heel and started back, while the curious eyes of the crowd all turned to follow him. Arrived within speaking distance, the good old man called out, in a whisper audible to half the congregation: "Do you want any change?"



"Maud is a timid girl," said George. "Yes," said Estelle; "she'd jump even at a proposal."—Puck.

LOOK! THIS ELEGANT WATCH and CHAIN

is what it will cost to register and mail or express the **HANDSOMEST and finest Gold-entire Watch and Chain to you**,—and they are **perfect time keepers**,—best make, warranted to be better than hundreds that are sold every day for \$10.00 or \$12.00 each. We know if you show it after you get it that we can sell hundreds, so, to get them started, we are going to **give away** one in every town or city. All you have to do is to get 20 subscribers for our beautiful magazine, and we send you this superb Premium for 25 cents extra cash, to pay express. As we only have a limited number of these to give away, you should get up your club at once. They sell quick for \$8.00, and on a trade some realize \$12.00 or \$15.00 for them. **Now is the time.**

MORSE & CO., Publishers, Augusta, Me.

100 PATTERNS. EACH AN ARTISTIC GEM.

The patterns of the **Duchess Stamping Outfit** are the work of designers whose experience ably fits them to select designs suitable for the very latest fancy work. Most of the designs are large with just enough small ones to constitute a perfect outfit. The **Duchess** was designed for general work, the artistic alphabet being suitably calculated for marking hat-bands, handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. The patterns are fine specimens of correct perforating, exact in every detail. Each outfit contains 100 perfect full size patterns on sheets 14x22 inches with liberal margin for stamping. We consider the **Duchess** stamping outfit equal to any outfit offered at any price. You make no mistake if you send and get one of these unapproachable outfits. Read the contents and note the sizes; lack of space forbids a fuller description. **The patterns are all full-size.**

Full Size Patterns in each Outfit.

Fancy Alphabet, fine, 2 in. high.
Scroll Embroidery Pattern, 3x4.
Baby's Blanket Embroidery with Corner, 3 in.
Baby's Blanket Embroidery with Corner, 1 in.
Running Vine Embroidery Pattern, very pretty.
Scroll Embroidery Pattern for Applique.
Jacqueminot Rose, Leaves and Bud, 8x9.
Cluster Cherries for a Centre-piece, 6x9.
Kensington Design, 6x15.
Bunch Clover, 6 in. high.
Cluster Strawberries, 6x7.
Easter Chickens, 4x4.
Floral Corner Design.

Corner Buttercups and Daisies, 8x18.
Splasher Design, Wild Roses, 8x16.
Cat-o-nine-tails, Daisies and Wild.
Pond Lily, 5x6.
Knife and Fork for Carver's Cloth.
Embroidery Pattern, 3 in. wide.
Embroidery Pattern, 2 in. wide.
Bouquet Wild Roses, 7x10.
Applique Embroidery, 4 in. wide.
Embroidery Design, 3 in. wide.
Tray Cloth Design, 6x8.
Tray Cloth Design, 8x8.
Acorn Design with Leaves.
Girl, 13 in. high.
Sunflowers, 4x6.
Tulip, 7 in. high.
Jockey Design.
Pond Lily, 7x7.
Morning Glory.
Poppies, 5x9.

THE DUCHESS STAMPING OUTFIT.

Anemones.
Panay Blossom.
Tiger Lily, 9 in. high.
Splasher Design, 11x22.
Bouquet Azaleas, 3x5.
Owl on Branch.
Calla Lily, 5x6.
Bird for Patchwork.
Clover Blossom.
Bunch Wheat.

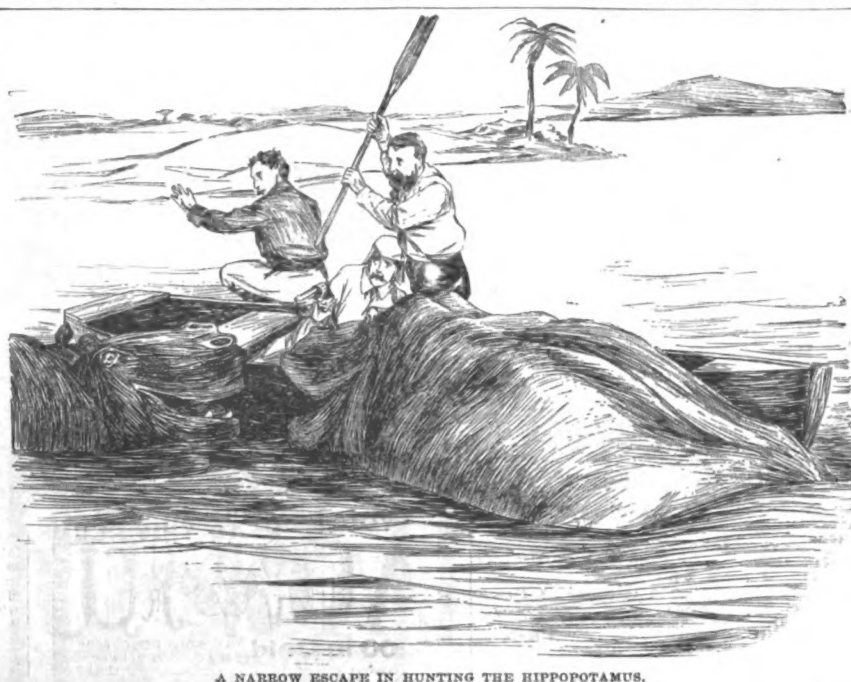
Bunch Pansies, 4x7.
Pug Dog's Head, 8x10.
4 Fruit Dolly Designs.
Spray Wild Roses, 11 in.
Spray Forget-me-nots.
Splasher Bouquet, 6x10.

Cluster Pansies, 6x7.
3 Geometric Figures.
Pansy Corner Design.
Pitcher for Dolly.
Deer for Tidy.
Cherub, 3x4.

Marigold, 7 in. high.
Glove Case Design.
Bunch Violets, 5x6.
Wild Roses, 7x11.
Good Luck Design.
Azalea, 6x7.
Carver's Cloth Design, 6x7.
Vine Embroidery Pattern.

With each outfit we send an entirely new Book on Knitting and Crocheting, fully illustrated, complete instructions for doing all kinds of stamping, 1 Tube of Beat Stamping Paint, 1 Box Powder, 2 Distributors, and to every lady who purchases a **Duchess Stamping Outfit** we will present an elegant stamped **FELT TIDY**, 10x12 inches, with silk to work it free of charge. This entire outfit will be sent postage paid to any address for only \$1.00.

Given free for a club of 8 subscribers. Address, MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



A NARROW ESCAPE IN HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



We believe in making home a happy place to live in, and there take **Comfort** all the time; so we publish our beautiful magazine called "Comfort," to happy the lives of all. It has a picturesque title page showing 25 ways of taking comfort, and contains stories and sketches telling you all about it. The price is only 60c. a year but is superior to any dollar a year magazine published and rivals the \$4.00 ones; and in order to get every one to read it the first year, we give you

The Portable Panorama, a Household Joy, FREE.

Your own Photograph enlarged like a steel engraving and a superb collection of mammoth magnified bird-eye views of the world. Art, Geography, Amusement, and Profit. Genuine gems of gorgeous scenes—pretty pictures portrayed as from a stereoscope or large magic lantern, a wonderful new invention for home or public use. Stereoscopes completely outdone—any picture you may have in the home enlarged tenfold. Views placed in the panorama and brought under its powerful tenfold magnifying lenses are made to appear as though you were right on the spot. So plainly is every line brought out and made clear, that great objects not known to exist when looking at pictures alone are brought to your view in a giant manner. Near-sighted people use the **Panorama Lenses to read by**, as fine kinds of print looks like great big letters under its scope. France is famous for making strong Lomax lenses, such as used in our elevated adjustable panorama cabinets, and that nation cannot be outdone in the line of magnificent Magnifying Glasses and powerful telescopes. 'Twas only by an accident that while abroad we discovered the manufacturer, who also invented the wonderful machine. It is entirely new. We buy his whole stock imported into America. Dealing in so many imported goods as we have for the last dozen years, we are in a position to get hold of, and control, many brand-new inventions, that no other firm in the country can ever handle; we taking all that are made—some articles are bought by the millions, having so many people in this country and Canada (over 80 millions), whom we advertise to reach. Thousands of any one new popular article do not last any time at all. They go by the million.

This outfit promises to go ahead of anything now being sold. You may have seen portable panoramas set up on the street or in a hall and paid 10, 15, or 25c. to take just one look at all the pictures. Now if you get our outfit, you can charge 50c. a look and pay for the machine in one hour. Every day after, you can make a big profit showing it up. Any photo, or cabinet size views of persons, places or paintings, can be used in it. We send enough views to keep it running for months. It is the great Center-table Attraction at home, neighbors all delighted, company royally entertained. Pictures from your photo album enlarged and beautified. And just think of the price, only 60c. for this—simply 60c., complete. You see a view of Brooklyn bridge, N. Y. It is only 4 inches long on the heavy card board, but when put in the panorama, it stretches out into Hundreds and Hundreds of Feet. It shows up so you think you can almost walk across into N. Y. city. This view on the N. Y. side shows 6 or 8 miles of the business portion, a mile away. Other views show up for miles and miles around; we cannot describe them, but they all come packed up in cabinet, complete, public buildings, noted places, and crowded thoroughfares of other cities.

The Cabinet folds up and is large enough to keep your photo's in, doing away with 25 or 210 albums, and we send it all free if you enclose 60c. For Exp. we send "Comfort" a whole year with each order. Two subscribers and two panoramas for \$1.20; Three for \$1.75, which can be sold at a great profit or traded off for supplies, amounting to \$12.00 or more. Order today; only 10,000 left.

MORSE & CO., Box 2325, Augusta, Me.
GIVEN FREE for a Club of 5 Subscribers at 25 cents each.

THE MORSE "Perfect" Telegraph Instrument.



Telegraph operators, both male and female, can always find lucrative and pleasant employment. There is a constant demand for them, and this instrument offers both old and young an opportunity to become proficient in the art.

The Morse "Perfect" Telegraph Instrument will enable you to learn to receive and send messages by sound after a little practice. With each instrument a book of instruction and the Morse Alphabet are sent free.

Unlike other instruments in the market, the Morse "Perfect" has the advantage as to size, and transmits the same sound as instruments used in telegraph offices throughout the world. Remember this is not a toy, but a practical machine, by which you can learn telegraphy at home without a teacher.

The cut shows the instrument in miniature form. We send the Morse "Perfect" Telegraph Instrument securely packed in a box, with book of instructions and Morse Alphabet on a card, all complete for 25 cents each, or three for 60 cents. By mail, postpaid.

Given as a premium for 4 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, or send 30 cents for the instrument and we will include a six months subscription.

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

A STITCH IN TIME



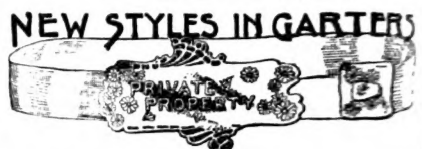
If you want to be sure and get into a ten thousand dollar a year business where dollars roll right into your pockets without hardly any effort on your part, don't delay a minute, but write to Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine for particulars and free samples to start you in an honorable Summer, Fall and Winter business. Remember "Time and Tide wait for no man," and a postal in time saves you much disappointment, so don't allow anyone to get in ahead of you. Write today.

A BIG OFFER 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will hang up in the P. O., or some public place, the two show bills that we send, we will give you a 50c. cert., and send it in advance with samples and bills. This will trouble you about one month, and then if you want to work on salary at \$5.00 or \$10.00 per month, let us know. We pay in advance.

Giant Oxie Co., 123 Willow St., Augusta, Me.



BUT WHERE ARE THE HANDS.



A demure young miss entered a well known jewelry store yesterday and walking up to one of the show cases stated her business without any hesitation. "I want to look at some garters," she said simply. The polite clerk produced some trays containing the latest novelties in these delicate articles of female apparel. They are all supplied with dainty clasps of oxidized silver, on which were the inscriptions "Private Property," and "No Trespassing." One clasp was in the shape of a watch dial, a perfect miniature timekeeper, with the exception that the hands were lacking. This seemed to strike the fancy of the young miss. "Where are the hands?" she asked. "Why," replied the salesman, sentimentally, "that means hands off." The young lady immediately closed the bargain and left the store.

—Philadelphia Record.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The hippopotamus—the Leviathan of Scripture—is not a very cheerful beast to meet even when strong bars divide him from you. He is not at all the sort of thing one would care to make a friend of. There are three in the menagerie in the Central Park, New York; but even one of these, notwithstanding the fact that during the term of her captivity she has become well acquainted with her keepers, is at times dangerous and is never to be trusted.

It was then, to put it mildly, very unpleasant for the three men in a boat, as in our picture, to come to such close quarters with two of the great creatures.

These three men had been slowly rowing or sailing up the Nile, occasionally meeting in its upper part one or a couple of the "river-horses." But they wisely let them alone, and fortunately were let alone themselves. It happened one day that upon the bank three of the ugly customers were sunning themselves, one an infant on the back of another. The shot was too tempting for the youngest of the men and may his rifle fired at the young one.

There was a great thrashing of the water nearby, while the man who had fired laughed gleefully at the row he had created.

"That stirred them up a bit," he said.

"You had better stir, or they will all be here in a minute."

They seized the oars, but row as they would they were still a long way from land when the big beasts rose from the water a little way astern of the boat. In a minute more they were both even with the boat, their huge mouths open as though they would at once crush the boat and either drown its occupants or make mouthfuls of them. One of the men dropped his oars and aiming directly at the eye of one of the hippopotamuses fired. Fortunately there was no miss, and the huge beast sank without a struggle. Meanwhile the other had caught the gunwale in his jaws and was crushing it like paper, while the young man who had first fired and whose rifle was, of course, unloaded was beating it over the head with an oar. The beating was of little account, and the man stood so that the third man could not shoot. The danger was great and imminent. With a violent push the third man shoved the first out of the way so that he fell overboard, and then fired. He was cool and at such close quarters he could not miss the eye, the one vulnerable point. It was easy to fish up the young man who had taken a bath involuntarily in the Nile, and the damage to the boat was not so great that they could not reach land and repair it. It was a narrow escape and there are at least three men in the world who will not shoot at every baby hippopotamus.



MILLIONS IN IT.

The question of making money easily is always one of absorbing interest. And when we have an opportunity it sometimes happens that we know nothing of it and the chances slip by. There is no man or woman of ordinary intelligence who cannot make money out of Oxien. One of our agents writes to say, "I was almost obliged to go to the poorhouse. A friend persuaded me to take Oxien and I was made well in a short time. The medicine was so good that I induced all my friends to try it. Then I applied for an agency, and was immediately successful. In the first month I cleared \$300.00 and have been steadily increasing ever since!"

Oxien is the greatest food for the Nerves ever discovered. It cures Nervous Prostration, Headache, Pain in the Back, Liver and Kidney troubles, Indigestion, Constipation, and weakness peculiar to Females. It brings back the fire of youth to the debilitated and renews the worn-out system. It sells at sight, and is the most money making article ever offered to agents. The Oxien Electric Porous Plaster has just been invented to assist nature and the felled in desperate cases of severe pain. In Grippe, Pneumonia and other like prevailing diseases banish before these mighty agents for putting down these great plagues. Sample of Food and terms sent Free if you write to-day.



DEAR MYSTIC FRIENDS:
Oh, what a throng of Mystic Friends has assembled at the "Realm of Comfort" this month, to greet their old friend Oldcastle, that old man who journeys forth monthly from his ancient home in "Mystic Land," to greet all who are taking COMFORT and finding enjoyment in tangle and untangling the "Intricate Knots from Puzzledom," and in chatting over mystic affairs.

Many new faces I see as I glance over the merry company before me, and I rejoice to see so many taking an interest in this instructive as well as entertaining pastime. A hearty welcome to all, and an invitation to each and every reader of COMFORT to become a member of "Our Mystic Band," by sending in original puzzles for publication and solutions to the "Mysteries" below. Try for the nice prizes! Send everything concerning "The Mystic Castle" to Oldcastle, Comfort, Utica, N. Y., signing name and address, as well as *nom de plume* to all communications. When reply is desired, please inclose a two-cent stamp.

The "Gold Medal Tournament" is arousing great enthusiasm among our solvers, and, as a result, many are turning out very meritorious lists. Keep it up, names of the six solvers making the best record on January to July, 1892, will be published in "The Mystic Castle" and the first in merit will receive the old medal.

Contributions have been received from:—Tyro, 7; Comulus, 5; Oleon, Roy, 4; Phil, Castranova, Con T. Emplate, 3; Ben Net, A. F. B., 2; Savannah River, L. O. Chester, Jew V. Nile, U. Bet, Aspiro, 1. Solvers to Dec. Mystic Castle are as follows:—Egmont, 17; Howard, P. A. Stime, Dec. 16; W. E. Wyatt, 14; Hercules, R. E. Fleet, Ypsie, 11; H. A. Watha, Valdemar, Castranova, 10; Remlap, Bill Arp, Delian, Cancy, Roland, Ben Net, 9; Aspiro, Remlap, Ruth, Buck, 1; Solver, 7; Mrs. C. C. Haskell, Philas, Percy Vere, Noah Count, Ajax, Canada, Nettie A. Chadwick, Thinker, Phil, A. F. B., 6; Chinkapin Ridge, E. Ebus, Jew V. Nile, Tyro, 5; Roy, Pro Fesh, Mrs. Sarah E. Holt, U. Bet, Texas, 4; Con T. Emplate, 3.

THE RESULT OF THE PRIZE WORD HUNT.
The recent Prize Word Hunt has turned out a success in every particular, many finding it a pleasure to seek for the words to be found in "Oldcastle." As space for "The Mystic Castle" is limited to two columns, and in order to make room for the "Mysteries," it will be impossible to mention the names of all who participated in this contest, so it has been decided to mention those only whose lists, after being corrected, were found to contain 200 or more words. The whole number of lists received was 268. These contained all the way from 30 to 289 words. The whole number of words that can be found in the name Oldcastle, complying with the conditions, is found to be 243. The following is a list of the Prize-Winners, and those whose lists contained 200 or more words.

PRIZE-WINNERS:—1. Veritas, 2. Solon, 3. Minne Pollis, 4. H. A. Watha, 5. Maggie Downing, 6. Elijah S. Danford. Special.—The prize for the best appearing list, not including the above, is awarded to Miss Bertha L. Ayder, Marshall, Minn., whose list was beautifully written and neatly arranged.

Honorary mention is due Harry Klein, Salem, Mo., Frank Oskin, Gentryville, Ill., Delian, Hopkinsville, Ky., and many others whose lists were models of neatness.

Names of contributors whose lists averaged 200 or more:—Veritas, 243; Solon, 235; Minne A. Pollis, 234; H. A. Watha, Maggie Downing, Buck, 1; Solver, 233; Castranova, 232; Essay, Carl Murray, 230; J. O. Feyers, 229; Philas, Nellie L. Hubbard, 227; P. C. Joe, Ypsie, 228; Harry Klein, 225; Hercules, 223; Remlap, 222; Con T. Emplate, 218; Frank, Guy, N. J. Noble, 217; Charles R. Rogers, Mrs. M. L. Hillard, 214; Delian, 207; Burton Hall, Miss M. E. Burt, Miss Annie, Stewart, 207; Frances Prother, Miss Carrie E. Coons, 205; H. L. Stowell, 204; Phil, Ben Net, Mrs. W. F. Blanchard, 203; Emma Hoag, 202; Roland, 201.

Anyone desiring to have their list returned, with the corrections marked thereon, will receive it, if they inclose two two-cent stamps with their request. Oldcastle is sorry that more space cannot be devoted in reference to this contest and also that it has some time for him to close his chat and take his homeward journey.

Heartily thanking all who participated in this contest and hoping to hear from you all often, I remain, Your dear old Mystic Friend, OLDCASTLE.

SOLUTIONS TO DECEMBER'S MYSTERIES.

No. 249. "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth; good will to men,
From Heaven's Eternal King."

No. 250. Genethiac.
No. 251. Pythagore.
No. 252. Curfew.
No. 253. Bank-note.
No. 254. Pittsburgh.
No. 255. O-PINION L-ADDER D-RELATED C-HASEN A-STRICT S-TINTED T-ACTION L-EARNED E-QUERRY-OLDCASTLE.
No. 256. One of the holidays.

No. 257. REGIME
ERASER
GAYETY
ISERIN
METING
ELYNGO
No. 258. J
HAWED
RAFFLES
JAWFALLEN
TEL-L-TALES
DELAATES
SELECTS
NESTS

No. 259. ROAM
OSCAN
ACACIA
MACBETH
NIELLO
ATLAS
HOST
No. 260. CON
DON
RIND
RASSE
ROTTEN
DISTASTER
CONSENSERS
CONDENSERS

No. 261. Tu-le(you, lee).
No. 262. Draw-can-sir.
No. 263. O
ELD
INDIA
ENSCALE
OLDCASTLE
DIATERM
ALTER
ELM
No. 264. W
SAD
HATELOT
SAMARITAKES
WATERCOKES
DELIRATES
ROTATES
TAKES
NEDS

No. 265.

CH
ER
P
OR
CHR
MEN
DE
S
S
SEEPY

No. 283. Numerical.

The whole, composed of fifty-four letters, is a proverb.
The 38, 9, 6, 51, 8, 42, 40, 20, 7 is a fine thick cloth of wool mixed with silk.
The 49, 41, 3, 11, 36, 52, 13, 34 is to delay.
The 19, 31, 33, 40, 5, 25, 52, 16 is stock jobbing (Fr.).
The 39, 21, 24, 4, 50, 47, 53 is military life.
The 29, 17, 26, 10, 32, 16, 14 is one who puts into circulation.
The 2, 48, 12, 37, 54, 10 is the uniting of the parts of a wound by stitching.
The 18, 46, 45, 27, 53 is a port.
The 43, 30, 3, 35, 10 is a culinary utensil of various forms.
The 50, 28, 1, 44 is a Persian weight used in weighing pearls.
The 23, 22, 15, 42 is a narrow alley.
Beaver Falls, Pa., R. E. WARD.

No. 290. Square.

1. A long coat or overcoat. 2. Colors blue. 3. Scholars. 4. Any bird of the family Oriolidae. 5. One who relates. 6. The nettle rash (Med.).
Bloomington, Ill., ODELL CYCLONE.

No. 291. Square.

1. An officer who has the care of streets, etc. 2. Eats away. 3. Indefinite numbers. 4. To fix in the mind. 5. Plain. 6. A sect.
San Francisco, Cal., KERNEL.

No. 294. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. A black fossil. 3. A Turkish viceroy. 4. A kind of precious stones. 5. Western. 6. Warm. 7. One who denies the deity of Christ. 8. Salt. 9. A letter.
West Bingham, Pa., WILD BILL, Jr.

No. 295. Double Letter Enigma.

In the "Heavenly mansions" in the skies;
In the "Sinner's Friend," above;
In the "solvers" working for a prize;
In the "pretty" girls we love.
'Tis PRIMAL that we should LAST our brother,
As through this all our life we go;
And should be a total to one another,
On our journey here below.
Ardmore, Pa., REMARDO.

No. 296. Diacope.

(Four-letter words.)
1. Amputate "in the highest degree" and have a kiln for drying logs; restore, amputate and have months; guillotine and leave a low ridge of gravel or sand.
2. Amputate the Hindu Pluto, and have a girl's name; restore, amputate and have a root of a certain plant; guillotine and leave a part of the verb to be.

3. Amputate a portion of time, and have a leaf of gold; restore, amputate and have a watering place in Belgium; guillotine and leave a father.
4. Amputate the apartment in a Chinese temple, and have a meadow, (obs.); restore, amputate and have a metal; guillotine and leave a nook or corner.
5. Amputate a phantom, and have a mark on silver dollars; amputate and leave to deceive.
6. Amputate a shell, and have a common; restore, amputate have to dwell upon; guillotine and leave adhering.
Behelded letters:—Obscure.
Curtailed letters:—To obscure.
Connected:—A form of puzzles.
Belton, Texas, BLACK-EYED CHARLEY.
(The author offers a book of "Popular Synonyms" for first correct solution.)

No. 297. Transposition.

PRIMAL is the death of him
Who thinks himself so great;
PRIMAL is the fame of him
Who dies in modest state.
Washington, D. C., R. O. CHESTER.

No. 298. Square.

1. Falls in very fine drops. 2. Entering. 3. New. 4. That which draws. 5. A square cage of carpentry. 6. To swallow with greediness. 7. More severe.
Bennet, Nebraska, BEN NET.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

For the first three complete or largest lists of solutions to this month's "Mysteries," the following prizes will be awarded:

1. Multum in Parvo Songster.
2. Six months' subscription to COMFORT.
3. Carl's Treasure Cabinet.
Specials.—Among all sending three or more solutions will be awarded, by lot, first, Dime Savings Bank; second, Morse Telegraph Instrument; third, three-months' subscription to COMFORT.
Solutions must be received prior to May 1, 1892, to be acknowledged in June "Mystic Castle."

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. Two fine twenty-five cent books are offered by Remlap for the best double six letter square, i.e. reading downward. I recently had the across.
2. As Doc already has a copy of "Payne's Business Pointers," he offers the copy won by him in a recent contest for the best batch of "data," received before April 1, 1892. Mark puzzles "in Competition," and address Oldcastle, Comfort, Utica, N. Y. If you wish to be notified by mail of the receipt of your letters, inclose a two-cent stamp.

SMALL POX pittings and all other blemishes of the skin removed; send 6c. for book giving all information. Dr. J. A. Collier, 177 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

TO-BAK-URE

The only Guaranteed Cure for the Tobacco Habit. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by H. W. COMSTOCK, La Fayette, Ind.

THE "GEM" STAMP 25c
Reduced from 50 cents. Sent postpaid.
In full illustration, with your name in handsome rubber type and a vial of any color ink. Business and address, five cents per line extra. Satisfaction assured.
Eagle Stamp Works, New Haven, Conn.

THE YOUTH'S LEADER

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Below is a rebus the name of a South Western State, which is to be the first person who sends a correct answer on or before May 31st, 1892. We will give \$100 in cash. To the Second \$50. To the Third \$25. To each of the next Ten, \$10. To each of the next Ten, \$5. To each of the next twenty-five, a Solid Gold filled ring. To each of the last twenty-five sending the correct answer we will send an Agent's outfit that retails for \$6.00. This great offer is made to draw the best puzzle ever in the world, with your answer sent 20 cts. in stamps to pay for a package of Dr. Plummer's Pain Expeller, a positive cure for Rheumatism, Headache and Neuralgia. Nothing else on the market. Write to-day, and be among the first, and secure one of the big prizes. Address, W. R. WILLIAMS, Montclair, New Jersey.

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WHETHER FIRST OR LAST

IF YOU READ THIS REBUS.

Below is a rebus the name of a South Western State, which is to be the first person who sends a correct answer on or before May 31st, 1892. We will give \$100 in cash. To the Second \$50. To the Third \$25. To each of the next Ten, \$10. To each of the next Ten, \$5. To each of the next twenty-five, a Solid Gold filled ring. To each of the last twenty-five sending the correct answer we will send an Agent's outfit that retails for \$6.00. This great offer is made to draw the best puzzle ever in the world, with your answer sent 20 cts. in stamps to pay for a package of Dr. Plummer's Pain Expeller, a positive cure for Rheumatism, Headache and Neuralgia. Nothing else on the market. Write to-day, and be among the first, and secure one of the big prizes. Address, W. R. WILLIAMS, Montclair, New Jersey.

\$200 in Gold

To the first person sending a correct answer to the above rebus before May 16th, 1892. To the 2d, \$100, and to the next ten, \$5 each. To the next 25 each a valuable house lot on Long Island, N. Y. To the person sending in the last correct answer we will give \$50. To the next to the last, \$25, and to the next 25 persons (should there be so many) \$5 to each. Write your answer sent 25c. Cash, postal note, or \$50. In stamps for a package of our wonderful remedy for Piles, Malaria and Constipation. Remember you pay only 25c for this medicine and we now have agents making \$10 per day. And we give absolutely free a splendid silver watch with first order to every agent. With this package we send you circulars and directions explaining the whole thing. We also send a list of the winners to each one who answers this rebus. You can make a barrel of money in this business. Try it.

ARIZONA MEDICINE CO.,
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\$200 Reward these prizes just as an advertise.

A GREAT SEED SACRIFICE.

A \$10,000 Loss turned to your Gain.

CHOICEST FLOWER SEEDS come from France and Germany; some rare varieties often bringing a dollar for a single seed. A large importing house had an immense shipment of the finest grown seeds ever brought to America, and, as you see, in unloading at the pier, an awful accident occurred. The seeds were scattered all over the pier, and were put up in small, separate papers, this would have been a complete loss but, hearing of it, and knowing its value, we bought the whole cargo of exquisite flowering seeds, getting in the way of the seedsmen some of the highest cost kinds ever grown. We have thoroughly mixed them, all kinds, and put them up in elegant packets, containing over 200 varieties, to give away as premiums to COMFORT. All you have to do is to sow them in a box, and when they get large enough to transplant, you can set them out, and have a most elegant flower garden for nothing, and, as the rarest seeds are mixed in, you obtain what has sold for dollars and dollars for nothing, and in the Summer and Fall can pluck beautiful bouquets of Pansies, Petunias, Asters, as well as the many rare flowers here shown.

Special. Having found a box of LATE-CHRYSALE-CHRYSALE-ATUM seed in the lot all safe, we are going to enclose one package of this popular seed also.

OUR OFFER is this: To every one sending us 12 cents for a 3 months' subscription to COMFORT, we will send perfectly free, postpaid, these packets of choice seeds and our ELE-GANT IVORY ORMAN, a guide to the culture of all flowers and plants. Its many pages are loaded down with practical hints and helps to every body, on all sorts of plant life, and a description of how to arrange fancy window and garden decoration; it is worth a half-dollar to any one, but, being determined that you and all your friends shall take COMFORT 3 months longer, we give all of these free if only 12 cents is sent to pay postage and expense. 6 subscriptions and 6 lots for \$1.20. To the person sending in the greatest number of these 12-cent subscriptions, at rate of 6 FOR 60 CENTS, before June 1st, we give a cash present of \$150.00; to the second largest, \$25.00; to the third, \$15.00; to the fourth, \$10.00. Remember you get 12 cents for each lot, and send us 10 cents at club rates, then you also stand a chance to secure your part of the ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Can any Publisher be more liberal than this? Send your 12 cents to-day for sample lot of Seed Packets, Manual and Magazine, then get up clubs. Address MORSE & CO., SEED DEPT., Augusta, Maine.

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Trial package free.
F. A. STUART,
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\$25 HOW MANY DOTS IN THE CIRCLE?

Mail your guess with 10c and you will receive FREE for 1 month the best Young People's Paper in America. The first correct guess will also receive \$25 in cash; the 2d, \$15; the 3d, \$10; the 4th, \$5 next 35, \$1 each; other prizes offered to our paper each month. High class paper for boys and girls, alone worth many times the price. Address YOUNG AMERICA, 1924 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C.

BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE.

1,000 Watches Free! Read Our Offer!

We must have 100,000 more subscribers, and we are going to get them by Giving Away 1,000 Watches. To any person that will send us 25 cents within 30 days, we will send our fine 16 Page Paper six months, full of Stories, Sketches, Funny Sayings, and Finely Illustrated, and every person a Fine Present of a handsome book valued from 25 cts. to \$1.00 each, and a Watch Free to every hundredth subscriber. This is the way we do it: Every day we count our letters, and the person that sends the one hundredth, two hundredth letter, etc., will have a Watch Sent Free, post-paid, in addition to the above grand offer. This offer not good after 30 days. Don't delay. Send 25 cts. now, and get a Watch, all that is desired above.
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FREE A Solid GOLD WATCH

To every reader of this advertisement who will aid us in increasing our subscription list. THE FAMILY CIRCLE is one of the largest and brightest Home papers published. To rapidly increase our subscription list we will give away these beautiful watches, as stated above. These watches have handsomely engraved cases, made of two heavy plates of 18 K. GOLD, over composition metal, and are warranted in every respect. Floating cases, wind and stem set. They come in both Lady and Gentle's sizes. This watch is generally sold by dealers at from \$25 to \$35, and will wear equal to a solid gold watch costing from \$50 to \$100. THE FAMILY CIRCLE is a large 16-page, 64-column Home Journal, containing complete and serial stories of fascinating interest, and a rich variety of funny stories, news, condensed notes on fashion, art, industries, literature, &c., and stories among the papers of the day. We offer these watches solely to increase our list when it is once introduced, we will receive \$10 to each person who will send us a list of names of subscribers from each P. O. If you want one of these watches, send us a list of 25 new subscribers from each P. O., together with 25 cents and we will mail you THE FAMILY CIRCLE paper for 12 months. Address, PUBL. FAMILY CIRCLE, No. C, Alexandria, Va.

MAGNIFIES 500 TIMES

Our new powerful, triple, interchangeable Floroscopic microscope. Microscope, with its mammoth lenses reveals all the mysteries of the heretofore invisible world, being perfected with an insect holder and a hint for stagnant water, dried insects, etc. It answers for a thousand purposes. This elegant polished brass finished gem is an instructor, as well as a great convenience in reading, etc. It has all the contrivances for handling butterflies and other beauties. The top of the instrument can be removed to insert objects for inspection, which include not only seed and grain, but hundreds of other materials, such as insects, bits of cloth, paper, fur, hairs, leaves, flowers, stones, ores, etc.; in fact, anything small enough to insert. It is valuable in detecting adulterations in food, such as flour, tea, coffee, sugar, spices and the fatal trichina spirals or pork worm. Agents will find this to be the fastest selling article they have ever handled, for its novelty and the wonders it reveals excite the curiosity of the people and they will buy. It sells at sight everywhere. The agent is not considered a bore while showing it, for it interests every one. Each microscope is sent securely packed in a box. Price only 37 cts.; 3 for \$1.00. They have generally sold for \$1.00 singly, but buying in large quantities, we get a low price. Send today and we include a 3 months trial subscription to COMFORT.
MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

AGAIN IN ITS GRASP.

Tightening its toils, we mean that sneezing, coughing, back-aching malady—that creeps stealthily on its victim, bears him down for a time and when confident of recovery takes him from our midst—epidemic, influenza or La Grippe.
In this land, as in others, it sneered at the attempts of our scientists and medicines to arrest its terrible course.
In a twinkling, old, middle aged and young were seized as victims and struggling in its grasp.

Fully 50 per cent. were destined never to recover. Many families were extinguished entire. Many were torn apart and the few remaining members left with the memories of a once happy home.

Thousands were brought to a bed of suffering for the remainder of their life. Thousands more were left subjects for the mad house.

The heroic endeavors of the medical profession saved many of those who were stricken with La Grippe, but in most of those cases the saving of life was but to prolong the misery, for it is well known that wherever the monster sets its seal, it is sure to leave unfavorable results, but in the past record of the distemper it has been proven that that little plain, simple tablet called OXEN, had a large sized mission to perform in this one particular, and how well it did its duty is attested by the numerous letters received from our grateful friends. OXEN probably did more to ward off La Grippe, lessen the suffering, and effect a complete cure than any or all of the advertised remedies.

The dreaded disease takes a ready hold of the system unprepared to withstand its ravages and it is a duty you all owe to your friends and relatives, to be fortified upon the arrival of the first symptoms. How shall we do this?

Keep a supply of the food on hand. When you feel a slight cold coming on, look out, it is the warning note. The sneezing, hacking and coughing is the messenger of warning sent you. Commence taking the tablets as directed and you will note with pleasure the results. No great bottle of medicine to dose from. A supply for the day can be carried in the vest pocket. The busy man's companion and friend. Pleasant, Effective, Inexpensive.

Do not wait until La Grippe has you in bed or on the way to the grave, for the Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine, will send you without charge a sample package if you apply this month, together with new special directions so you can use it as a hot beverage.

SEED ACCIDENT ON THE WHARF

Special. Having found a box of LATE-CHRYSALE-CHRYSALE-ATUM seed in the lot all safe, we are going to enclose one package of this popular seed also.

OUR OFFER is this: To every one sending us 12 cents for a 3 months' subscription to COMFORT, we will send perfectly free, postpaid, these packets of choice seeds and our ELE-GANT IVORY ORMAN, a guide to the culture of all flowers and plants. Its many pages are loaded down with practical hints and helps to every body, on all sorts of plant life, and a description of how to arrange fancy window and garden decoration; it is worth a half-dollar to any one, but, being determined that you and all your friends shall take COMFORT 3 months longer, we give all of these free if only 12 cents is sent to pay postage and expense. 6 subscriptions and 6 lots for \$1.20. To the person sending in the greatest number of these 12-cent subscriptions, at rate of 6 FOR 60 CENTS, before June 1st, we give a cash present of \$150.00; to the second largest, \$25.00; to the third, \$15.00; to the fourth, \$10.00. Remember you get 12 cents for each lot, and send us 10 cents at club rates, then you also stand a chance to secure your part of the ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Can any Publisher be more liberal than this? Send your 12 cents to-day for sample lot of Seed Packets, Manual and Magazine, then get up clubs. Address MORSE & CO., SEED DEPT., Augusta, Maine.

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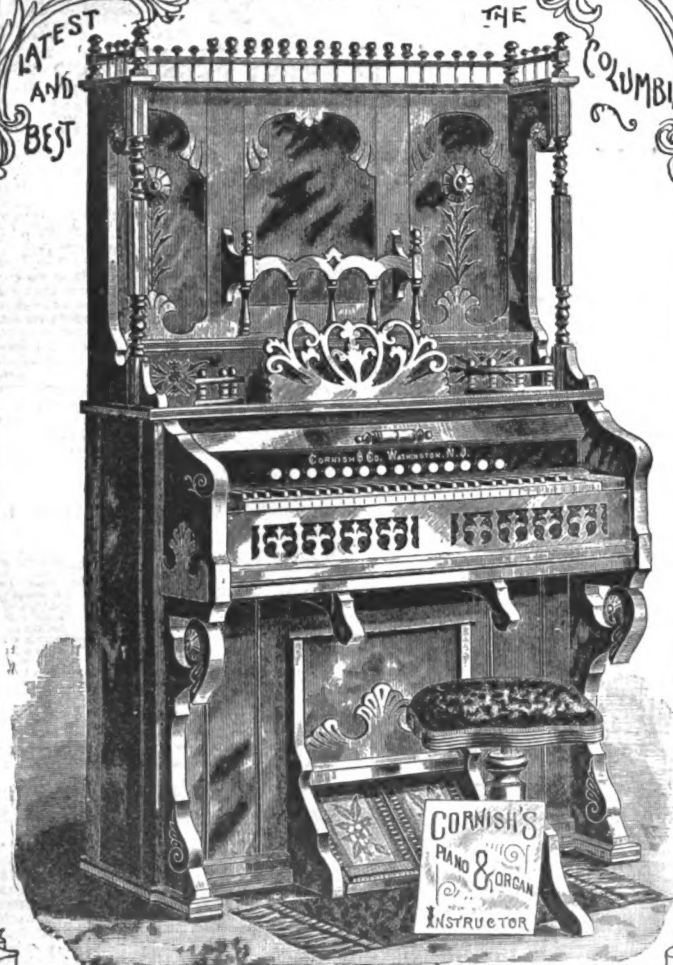
OUR OFFER is this: To every one sending us 12 cents for a 3 months' subscription to COMFORT, we will send perfectly free, postpaid, these packets of choice seeds and our ELE-GANT IVORY ORMAN, a guide to the culture of all flowers and plants. Its many pages are loaded down with practical hints and helps to every body, on all sorts of plant life, and a description of how to arrange fancy window and garden decoration; it is worth a half-dollar to any one, but, being determined that you and all your friends shall take COMFORT 3 months longer, we give all of these free if only 12 cents is sent to pay postage and expense. 6 subscriptions and 6 lots for \$1.20. To the person sending in the greatest number of these 12-cent subscriptions, at rate of 6 FOR 60 CENTS, before June 1st, we give a cash present of \$150.00; to the second largest, \$25.00; to the third, \$15.00; to the fourth, \$10.00. Remember you get 12 cents for each lot, and send us 10 cents at club rates, then you also stand a chance to secure your part of the ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Can any Publisher be more liberal than this? Send your 12 cents to-day for sample lot of Seed Packets, Manual and Magazine, then get up clubs. Address MORSE & CO., SEED DEPT., Augusta, Maine.

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BEST

THE
COLUMBIAN



THE COLUMBIAN No 19000

IN ORDER TO INTRODUCE our latest invented Parlor Organ. THE COLUMBIAN, into new localities, we have decided to offer the first 5000 manufactured, for sale upon the above terms. This is by far the best offer ever made by us or any other reputable firm of manufacturers in the world. No other firm in existence would take the enormous risk involved in selling five thousand costly organs on such terms. But after twenty-five years' experience, we know that we are solid with the people, and we make this wonderful offer knowing that we can sell every one of the first 5,000 COLUMBIANS almost as soon as this announcement is made public. Bear in mind that the above terms apply to the FIRST FIVE THOUSAND ONLY. After they have been sold, the price and terms will be as usual.

FINEST CABINET PARLOR ORGAN MADE. All latest Patents and Improvements. Solid Walnut Case of unique design. The magnificent top is constructed and designed to represent one of the altarscreens in the Lady Chapel at Genoa—the birth place of Columbus. Mouse-proof Action. New Stop work. 5 Octaves, 14 Stops, 2 Octave Couplers, 2 Knee Swells, and 5 perfect sets of Orchestral Toned Reeds. Warranted for TEN YEARS. Handsome Stool and Instruction Book free. Organ sent on approval. Safe Delivery absolutely guaranteed. Boxed and delivered free on board cars here. No risk to purchaser.

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OUR CATALOGUE—WE CAN PROVE OUR STATEMENTS

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SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUES MENTION THIS PAPER AND YOU GET THEM FREE

AN EXACT PICTURE OF THIS FAMOUS ORGAN.

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CORNISH & CO. WASHINGTON NEW JERSEY
ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS



ALL PURCHASERS
EXPENSES PAID



FASHION'S FANCIES.

Here are some things about dress that concern the small sized women:

With regard to the burning question of dress, considerations of stature have much to do. Certain styles are the despair of the diminutive, while others appear wholly inappropriate to the tall. Possibly the favors of Madame Fashion are really pretty fairly distributed, but there is not much doubt about who will receive them during the coming season.

The small-sized portion of the female population did their level best to prevent the deep basques from becoming fashionable last winter, but how will they combat the horrors of the three-quarter length bodices?

This riddle is deplorably easy to solve. They will grumble, but, alas! the great majority will give in, though a coat reaching to the knees is of all garments the most hideous for them. How many will have the courage to act up to their convictions of what is really becoming?

My small sisters, let me entreat you to curtail your basques, or die in the endeavor.

In our younger days we were always told never to bring peacock's feathers into the house, for they were much too unlucky to be allowed an entrance under any circumstances.

But alas everything changes. Not only are peacock's feather fans to be seen now in nearly every drawing-room, but during the coming cool weather they are to be pressed into the service for feather boas. They look charming in conjunction with black toques or with ostrich feathers, and harmonize well with some of the blues to be worn this winter.

Another combination boa which is warm to look at and light to wear, is marabout and turkey feathers. Coque feathers are often now curled before they are used.

Feather trimmings of all sorts will be much seen the next few months.

The coming change of fashion brings about some curious things.

There is no doubt that the reign of false hair has begun again in real earnest.

It is quite impossible for those whose hair barely suffices for a little low knot in their neck, to extend it, so that it may wander about in curl after curl, or loop after loop, as is now the fashion, and consequently there is nothing to be done but to go to the hairdresser for assistance.



Apparently a few folks—I cannot quite bring myself to write gentlemen—think they know a yet more excellent way, and I am immensely amused just now to read the "wants" in some of the ladies' papers. Over and over again I notice: "Wanted a good tail of dark brown hair, cheap," or "Pretty brown curls mounted; also, switch of brown hair, cheap," and so on in various styles, all showing the desire to become fashionable at the lowest possible cost.

These ladies, I notice, do not add that it will be necessary for them to see the tails and the switches before they purchase them, but surely they must mean this, for no woman can be so utterly oblivious of the fitness of things that she could contemplate with equanimity variegated hair. Brown may sound an easy color to match; but if you try and think of two friends who could change hair undetected, you will find it no easy task.

Whether it would be a comfortable sensation to wear a twist of hair which had recently belonged to some unknown person, I would rather not discuss. I suppose the argument would be used that all hair belonged to someone else once, so that one thing is not worse than the other.

Maybe, but happy are those who can arrange their hair to their satisfaction unaided by second-hand switches.

A SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER.

The April issue of COMFORT will be an attractive number and have new entertaining and novel features besides those appropriate for the Easter month. Would it not be well for all to subscribe now while the price is but 25 cents a year.



This in the days of the Amateur photographic fiend is of more than passing interest.

The Russian photographers have a strange way of punishing those who, having received their photos, do not pay their bills. They hang the pictures of the delinquents upside down at the entrance to their studio. How horrid!

I should think a sensitive beauty, equally with a man who values his credit, would thus be induced to send a cheque at once, and so ensure their discharge from the topsy turvy brigade. It is rather hard, though, on the children who are treated thus because their parents are slow in remembering that likenesses of their little ones cost money.

Progress of The World's Fair.

Matters pertaining to the great Columbian Exposition or World's Fair in Chicago are rapidly approaching completion. Every day sees some new building started, and new profers of assistance from foreign governments made to the directors. The world at large is beginning to realize that the Fair at Chicago is an undertaking such as has never before been attempted. The United States is a great country, and the World's Fair at Chicago will not belie the Nation's reputation. In comparison with the great Fairs that have been held in Europe, and notably with the Paris Exposition of two years ago, the plan of the coming World's Fair so far eclipses them in magnitude and in its general representation as to render all Fairs of the past small affairs in comparison. The great Fair in London held at the Crystal Palace, which the Englishmen have never got through talking about, is hardly a circumstance to the one at Chicago. The main building at Chicago is larger than the whole area occupied by the entire Paris Exposition. It is almost an impossibility at this time to give an adequate idea of this great undertaking, but in a few short articles which we expect to publish as the plans unfold, we hope to give an idea by comparison, of just what Chicago enterprise will accomplish.

Our front page gives a picture of Columbus when he first started out on his journey in search of the New World. As a matter of fact Columbus had no more idea that he was going to make a great discovery than the man in the moon, but like many other things in this life, great discoveries are sometimes the result of accident. Columbus, in common with other geographers claimed that the earth was round; up to that time it had been accepted as flat; and his object in sailing was to circumnavigate the globe, discover a new route to the Indies, and from there to return to the place from which he started, sailing always in one general direction, that is, towards the West. On his return from the New Continent, from which he brought specimens of its vegetable products, and also several of the natives, Columbus was summoned before the Queen of Spain and the Catholic Kings of Europe. Here he explained to them the nature of his marvelous discovery. To say that his story was listened to with interest, barely expresses it. The Spaniards were then in the height of their power, and were the richest nation of Europe.

We show also the impressive scene that attended the landing of Columbus in the new country. In praise and thanksgiving for his wonderful preservation during a long and eventful journey, Columbus knelt on the shores of San Salvador and gave thanks to his Maker. Rising, he went a few steps further

and planted the colors of Spain, and declared the country, in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, to be a part of the Spanish domain.

It is sad to relate that Columbus on his return from his second voyage fell a victim to the jealousy of the people belonging to the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, who feared the great honor that was really accruing to Columbus for his great work. He was seized and imprisoned, and for many years manacled and chained to the floor. Time, however, has righted this great injustice, and the name and fame of Columbus is forever secure.

One of the great features in connection with the World's Fair and one which is of more importance than at first seems apparent, is the prominence given to women in the management of this great project. It is a sign of enlightened civilization peculiar to our own country. We are more liberal in our treatment of the weaker sex than the nations of Europe. It is probable that in no country except the United States would such power be delegated to representatives of the female population. It is an evidence however that our civilization is several years in advance of the effete monarchies of Europe, and the time is not far distant when the position of women in this country will be equal to that of the men, and when a woman's work will be accepted as of the same value as that of a man.

Chicago itself is one of the most wonderful cities of modern times. Even Rome when she sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the World, would not compare with the fourth ward of Chicago.

The enterprise of the Chicago people long ago became proverbial, and justly so. Think what it means that on the spot where less than two generations ago the Indian roamed at will, and the wolf howled, where the only structures were the block-houses and the stockade called by courtesy Fort Dearborn, the half dozen log-houses along the Creek which constituted the settlement, in one of which Paul Bunyon lived and sold a few groceries and more run—that on this spot we have to-day a magnificent built city of broad avenues, faced with substantial buildings, many of them of architecture hitherto unequalled in this or any other country; with a population of more than twelve hundred thousand people.

What other city on this world requires forty just offices to accommodate its citizens? Yet this world case with Chicago. What other city on this world could have been burned in a day, with the loss of more than two hundred millions of dollars, and not have utterly perished from the earth? Yet Chicago conversant with the facts would suspect that such a calamity had ever occurred.

To-day Chicago stands pre-eminently the largest grain, cattle and lumber market in the world, all due to the indomitable pluck and push of the people. For Chicago had no reason, geographically, to exist. She has no magnificent harbor like New York, or Newport, or Portland; she has no advantages of situation; Michigan City at the foot of the Lake is geographically, a much more promising location for a large city, and Racine and Milwaukee on the same side of the Lake are equally eligible locations. Indeed they are more so, for both are from forty to sixty feet above the level of the Lake, while on the other hand the prairie on which Chicago was built lay from four to six feet below the Lake level, and was only prevented from frequent inundations by the sand-ridge along the shore which the Lake storms had thrown up.

What did these indomitable people do to guard against future overflow of the Lake? They raised the whole city, bodily, fifteen feet, about thirty years ago, and brought gravel for forty miles to fill in with Great buildings of brick and stone—hotels, stores and residences—were raised to grade, with thousands of screws under each, without disturbing the occupants or interrupting for an instant the customary occupations!

To what then is Chicago's pre-eminence due? Undoubtedly to the broad ideas, the never failing nerves and the persistent push of her citizens. In spite of her natural disadvantages of situation, in spite of her immense losses by the great fire, in spite of all the efforts of her rivals to outstrip her, they have built a city of which the Nation may well be proud.

Is there any doubt, then, that the Columbian Fair under the management of such a People, a People whose dictionary does not contain such words as discouragement or failure, will be the grandest and most complete Fair ever held, and a success so magnificent that at least a generation must pass before we can hope to see its equal?